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VOL. III NO. 209

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1948.

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Arabs Shell Suburbs

Jerusalem, Sept. 3.—Six pounder shells were fired by Arabs from positions in the former British police depot near the Sheikh Jarach quarter in the direction of the Jewish suburbs last night, an Israeli communiqué from Jerusalem said. No casualties were reported.

Otherwise, the Jerusalem area was quiet last night and this morning.

An Israeli soldier was fatally wounded by a sniper in the southern part of the city yesterday afternoon.—Associated Press.

KCR TRAIN SMASH

TWO MEN DIE IN HOSPITAL

Two men, victims of the Shumchun train disaster, died early this morning in Kowloon Hospital as a result of their serious injuries.

There are now 38 victims of the train smash in hospitals here—27 in the Kowloon Hospital and 11 in the Kwong Wah. Some are very seriously injured and are on the danger list.

Doctors in the Kowloon Hospital worked until 4.30 this morning carrying out emergency operations, chiefly amputations.

EUROPEAN VICTIM

Mr E. C. Reed, of APC, Shanghai, who was first reported to be a walking casualty, later arrived at the Kowloon Hospital by taxi and has been detained, suspected of suffering from fractured ribs.

This morning the British section of the Kowloon-Canton Railway despatched a 65-ton crane to the scene of the disaster to assist in clearing the wreckage.

The Canton train service has been suspended until it is possible to arrange for passengers to be transferred to trains north of the wrecked line.

The Kowloon Hospital this morning was besieged with anxious relatives of the victims endeavouring to discover how seriously injured are their kinsmen.

Returns to Rhodes

Rhodes, Sept. 3.—Count Folke Bernadotte, the Palestine mediator, landed at his Rhodes headquarters this afternoon after a visit to Sweden.—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

Public Transportation

It doesn't require a typhoon to expose the present inadequacy of Hongkong's public transport facilities, but the temporary immobilisation caused by these storms succeeds in emphasising the point. Rehabilitation of the Colony's transport system has been carried out strictly on lines of expediency, and because of this has failed to meet abnormal contingencies, notably the continuous increase in population. It is not suggested that any practical alternative policy presented itself following the reconstruction and in major respects the public transport companies can be said to have done a good job of work in the resuscitation of their services. But it is obvious that our transport facilities must sooner or later be increased. Those who daily commute between home and office by bus, tram and ferry have to suffer physical torments of foot-aching scrambles even for landing room on the buses and trams. The experience in the morning brings many a person into his office in a fretful and rebellious frame of mind, and in the evening he reaches home mentally and physically exhausted by the repeated ordeal. The Colony, it is well recognised, is overcrowded, but there are no signs that it will become less populated for years to come; therefore, it is hopeless to offer less than pre-war transport services and expect them to serve the needs of a population which has nearly doubled. One crying need is for more ferry routes. At the present the harbour travelling public is concentrated at four

points no matter from what parts of the island one wishes to go. Decent facilities for the ferry routes would substantially contribute to easier and quicker cross-harbour travel, and this could be accomplished by establishing additional routes to the present Star Ferry and Kowloon Ferry runs. Also needed are piers that can accommodate at one time, not one or two ferries, but at least four. Crossing the harbour is the biggest problem of the thousands who work in Hongkong and live in Kowloon, or vice versa, and it is imperative for some scheme to be devised as quickly as possible to bring the ferry services up to public requirements. The land transport problem is somewhat different, inasmuch that routes are already fairly well spread, and it is solely a question of the operating companies obtaining a sufficiency of transport. The current congestion in Kowloon will be somewhat relieved later in the year when double deck buses come on the road, and an improvement in the island bus services can be expected with the imminent arrival of more coaches. Even so there is a demand for much larger fleets of buses and trams in order to begin to absorb the huge volume of passenger traffic, and to make any ferry decentralisation scheme effective it would be necessary to have a sufficiency of buses to operate in conjunction with the new ferry terminal. The proposition undoubtedly comes under long-term planning, but the sooner some such expansion is planned the quicker will the demand upon public transport be satisfied.

DR BENES DEAD

End Comes Quietly For Czech Ex-President

CO-FOUNDER OF REPUBLIC

Prague, Sept. 3.—Dr Eduard Benes, co-founder of the Czechoslovak Republic and its President until last June, died at 6.15 p.m. local time today at his country home at Sezimovo Usti. He was 61.

Last Monday it was revealed that a condition of arteriosclerosis had taken a sudden turn for the worse and on Tuesday, when he lost consciousness, he was said to be "sinking fast."

He never regained consciousness and little hope was held out for his recovery.

Immediately the news of his death reached President Klement Gottwald and the Government, a special meeting of the Cabinet was called. The Czechoslovak Government was expected to meet immediately and it was understood that the Cabinet would decide to arrange a State funeral in Prague, although Dr Benes was known to have expressed a wish that the actual burial should take place at Lany, near his teacher and predecessor, the late Thomas Masaryk.

Among those at the bedside were Madame Benes, Mr. Vojta Benes, his brother, two nieces and a nephew. The brief official announcement said: "Dr Eduard Benes, second President of Czechoslovakia, died on Friday, September 3, at 6.15 p.m. in his villa at Sezimovo Usti."

One of Dr Benes' personal followers, Chancellor Jaroslav Smutny, was one of the few non-relatives present. Dr Josef Beny, Archbishop of Prague, had visited the sick bed yesterday, it was learned today.

He saw the unconscious patient, who was a member of the Catholic Church.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

A short supplementary official statement said: "Dr Eduard Benes did not regain consciousness during the afternoon. About 3 p.m. the last stages were entered and at 6.15 the death occurred. The President was dying quietly without a struggle as if he was falling into a deep sleep surrounded by his family."

President Thomas Masaryk and his family, including Jan Masaryk, are buried near Lany Castle. When Dr Benes resigned the Presidency, he was offered the lifelong use of Lany Castle, to which he transferred his archives and library, but he decided not to live in it.

Dr Benes also contained the Masaryk Library. Dr Benes had expressed a wish that the castle should be transformed into a museum covering the period of the First Republic.

Dr Benes had been in failing health since the Government crisis last February, resigning from the Presidency in June because of illness after the Premier had earlier pressed him to remain in office for several months.

In a tribute to a German language broadcast tonight, "Then came the terrible days of Munich, when Czechoslovakia was deserted by the Western powers."

"During these days, his whole political conception—built on the principle of collaboration with the Western powers—collapsed. . . . aware of the importance of the Soviet Union, especially for the Slav States. In 1942, he declared that the time had come for a final liquidation of the German 'Drang Nach Osten' and in accordance with this view he went to Moscow where he made a pact with the Soviet Union."

"This was the turning point in Czechoslovakia's foreign policy. It was in recognition of this act that, on his return to Czechoslovakia, he was unanimously elected President of the Republic."

In other broadcasts, Prague Radio took the same partisan-political attitude, saying that it was fitting that Dr Benes died in the month of September, 10 years after Munich, which had been "the breaking point of bourgeois democracy and the beginning of the people's democracies."

Dr Benes had "drawn the conclusions" from Munich, and had turned to the Soviet Union. He had lived to see the success of the people's democracies.

GOTTWALD'S TELEGRAM

President Gottwald tonight sent the following telegram to Madame Benes: "Madame Benes—Madame, I have haste to assure you in the grave moment of the death of your husband of our deepest compassion."

"In the person of Dr Benes, passed one of the most significant figures in the new history of Czechoslovakia. Our people highly esteemed his merits."

"In respect our people bow before you who have been loyal to him, standing by his side in crucial times until his last hours."

"May your sorrow be lessened in the knowledge that we all take part in it with you."

The news of the death of Czechoslovakia's second President, Dr Benes, seemed to Londoners like a painful echo of the tragic death, less than six months ago, of Dr Jan Masaryk, the son of the country's first founder, President Thomas Masaryk.

Though Dr Benes' long expected death from the illness from which he had been suffering for nearly a year came very differently from Masaryk's fall from a fourth floor window, both seemed to their many personal friends in Britain to be part of the death knell of the liberal regime in Czechoslovakia.

There is a strong impression among the London public that Dr Benes was not at home under the new regime and that the course of his illness was hastened by the anxiety at the state of public affairs.

It is not forgotten in Britain that Dr Benes was a constant apostle of the view that Czechoslovakia should act as a bridge between the East and West and that, during the war, he incurred some criticism in Britain for deciding to visit Moscow on his own initiative.

No one, it is felt in London, both by his admirers and by his one-time critics, could have done more or done it more sincerely than he did to secure a genuine understanding with the Soviet Union and with Communism.

Yet there is no doubt here that it was essentially his policy which was defeated when the Communist Party

seized effective control in Prague last February.

When he heard the news of Dr Benes' death, a Foreign Office spokesman expressed deep regret at "the passing of one who has played such an outstanding part in the liberation of his country from the Germans during two wars."

MEMOIRS REVISED

Third and sick after giving up the Presidency on June 7, Dr Benes chose to stay in the republic which he helped to found rather than seek peace elsewhere at the cost of having his motives misconstrued by the enemies of his country.

Although the Government placed a veto on his disposal from the time he resigned, he preferred to continue living in the villa he had built for his old age. He spent the last months of his life revising his Memoirs.

News of him was scarce after the Communist gained power in February. Only two official appearances were recorded after that time—when he attended the funeral of Dr Jan Masaryk on March 13 and the 60th anniversary of Charles University in Prague on April 7.

His friends knew that he could not fail to be aware of the criticism with which his name and policy were greeted when such questions were discussed as Munich and the crisis that led to the formation of Czechoslovakia's Communist Government.

(Continued on Page 14)



THE LATE DR BENES

French General Election Likely

ANOTHER CRISIS

Paris, Sept. 3.—Premier Robert Schuman gave up trying to form a new government today. The prospects grew that France will have to hold new elections to work herself out of a political deadlock.

General elections are what General Charles de Gaulle has been demanding for months as a step toward his return to power.

Vincent Auriol, President of the Republic, did not even designate someone else immediately to attempt to form a government—the usual course. Instead he chose Robert Lecomte, a colleague of M. Schuman's in the Catholic middle of the road Party, to conduct an "information mission" and compile inventory on what the various party leaders propose to do now.

France has been without a government for a week since Radical Socialist Andre Marie's month old Cabinet—the ninth since the liberation—fell last Saturday.

Most observers thought President Auriol eventually would ask a Radical Socialist, either M. Marie or former Finance Minister Rene Mayer, to try to form a government.

ELECTIONS FAVOURED

M. Lecomte, however, has been the Popular Republican Party's whip in the National Assembly. As a working politician gets along well with all parties, it was conceivable he might succeed where M. Schuman failed.

An informed Popular Republican Deputy said, however, there was growing sentiment within the Party for a washing of hands of the present stalemate and the holding of new elections.

Small moderate and Rightist parties are all in favour of new elections.

There is but one way, however, for the National Assembly to be dissolved and for new elections to be held. The Deputies, who were chosen at elections in November, 1946, would have to pass a law ending their present terms which normally would not expire until 1951. Many observers believed they would refuse to do this.—Associated Press.

Soviets Invade Sinkiang

Nanking, Sept. 4.—Soviet troops, numbering one full brigade, were reported last night to have invaded Sinkiang Province in what was believed as another Russian strategic move to gain control over China's remote northwest frontier regions.

Reports emanating from the Truth News Agency, without official confirmation said that a fully equipped Red Army brigade was moving down across the border from Siberia. Red troops were said to have bypassed Tacheng and Iling and penetrated into Akosu, special district, which is under the jurisdiction of Ahamadjan's rebel regime hostile towards the Chinese Central authorities.

The agency said that the alleged Russian incursion into Sinkiang has been reported to President Chiang Kai-shek by General Chang Ching-chung, Governor for the Northwest, adding that official quarters in Nanking were withholding information while awaiting fuller details.

The Soviet action in Sinkiang was believed to have strengthened the position of the rebellious group, which has so far refused to concede itself to Sui-bai Masud as Governor of Sinkiang—once condition to which the National Government would not accede in attempting to break the longstanding deadlock since negotiations were stalled last year.—Reuter.

COMMUNISTS TAKE OVER BERLIN CITY HALL

Berlin, Sept. 3.—Berlin Communists moved into the City Hall today in an apparent move to usurp the powers of the non-Communist City Assembly. The Communist Party merger and the Communist-controlled factions of three other parties moved in this afternoon in place of the assembly which cancelled its scheduled meeting for the third time within two weeks because of Soviet refusals to guarantee its security.

SATISFIED WITH TALKS

Say Kremlin Envoys

Moscow, Sept. 3.—The three Western envoys are reported to be satisfied with the course of the conversations between the four Military Governors of Germany in Berlin.

The Military Governors are seeking to implement the four-power recommendations from Moscow. Should the Berlin talks fall the questions will be referred back to Moscow and the three Western envoys could then be expected to ask for further appointments with Soviet officials.

The time limit set by the four powers in Moscow for the present Berlin talks has several days to run.

The three Western envoys are at the moment regarding the Berlin talks with guarded optimism but should the talks reach an impasse it definitely will not be regarded as a breakthrough in the overall four-power conversations.

The envoys in Moscow are continuing their informal meetings but there are good indications that there will be no four-power meetings this weekend.—Associated Press.

They formed what is titled a "democratic bloc of Berlin" and announced hereafter that they will meet every two weeks as an elected assembly is supposed to do.

The Communists took action on matters lying within the province of the assembly.

Political observers said that the action apparently was a long and expected open move of the Communists to seize control of the Government.

NO ALTERNATIVE

Presumably, the action will leave the elected administration no alternative but to complete the break with the Soviet sector of the city and move to new quarters in one of the west sectors.

The present City Hall is in the Soviet area of the city. It has been the scene of three riotous demonstrations by the Communists demanding the overthrow of the elected administration.

Communists mobs smashed their way into the City Hall and broke up the scheduled Assembly sessions.

The third attempt to convene the Assembly was called off today when Major General Alexander Kotikov, Soviet Kommandant for Berlin, ignored the demand of the Assembly President, Herr Otto Suhr, the Soviet Union's guarantee for the safety of the Assembly.

The Soviet-licensed ADN News Agency said that the newly constituted democratic bloc formed a four member committee which was instructed to get in immediate touch with the Magistrat and "demand

an end to the present state of distress."

Included with the Communists in today's rump session were the Soviet zone representatives of the Liberal Democratic Party, the Christian Democratic Union and the Social Democratic Party.

The inclusion however, gives the "democratic bloc" a basis on which to claim "progressive forces" of all four Parties represented in a self-constituted legislative body.—United Press.

SUPERFORTRESS CRASHES

The Hague, Sept. 3.—A four-engined American Superfortress bomber, taking part in a mock air raid on Britain, crashed into the Scheldt River this afternoon.

Ten members of the crew parachuted to safety. Two of these reached the ground safely near Borselle, Zeeland Province.

A search was being made tonight for the missing airman. Boats of the State Water Service, the Harbour Pilot Service and the ferryboat "Dordrecht" are searching the coast.

One member of the crew, who was rescued by Flushing firemen near Voorthaven, was stated to be so seriously injured that he could not identify himself.

A graphic story of the crash was given by the second pilot, Lieutenant F. P. Dixon, who telephoned from the house of the burgomaster of Borselle, saying: "A cylinder blew and it was obvious from the noise

that something had gone seriously wrong."

"We flew for about 40 minutes before deciding to bail out at 10,000 feet." He added that he was sure everyone had jumped before the machine crashed because the propeller of the damaged engine was threatening to break loose.

Nine of the survivors were rescued by boats of the State Water Service, the Flushing fire brigade and a fishing boat, and were taken to the American consulate at Rotterdam by car.

The plans had been in difficulties and among those who rushed to help was Mr G. A. Bax, the burgomaster of Borselle, who was attending a Queen Wilhelmina jubilee celebration in the village when the crew baled out.—Reuter.

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A SEAT IN THE STALLS

FLASHING-EYED SUMATRAN IS QUEEN IN A SARONG

By JAMES FLOOD

A FLASHING-EYED Sumatran beauty has become the first movie queen of the South Seas.

She is Kasma Booty, shapely 16-year-old who had seen only one or two motion pictures before she starred in one.

The picture was the Malay-language "Chempaka," a jungle epic produced on Singapore island. Her costume was a sarong.

Wearing the sarong was just doing what comes naturally. It is normal dress for Indonesian and Malay women. Miss Booty didn't pay much attention to the costume.

Audiences did. They lined up outside the theatre by the thousands. The picture was held over for 13 days—a local record. People who didn't understand Malay went twice to see Booty and sarong.

A local sensation, Miss Booty has set her eyes on Hollywood. She has heard rumours that stars there are paid more than the US\$350 she received for two months acting under the tropical sun.

"Chempaka" itself cost only about US\$30,000, most of which was earned back in its first Singapore run. Since the Malay people or races closely akin to them number about 200,000,000 and are spread from Madagascar to the Philippines, it seems sure to earn tremendous profits.

The South Seas' first big star is only four and one-half feet tall. She is shy; she covered her face with a handkerchief during most of her first interview. Her true life story reads like a Hollywood publicity man's dream.

FELL IN LOVE

Kasma was born in Medan, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies. She had to go to work when her father died during the Japanese occupation. The family was going hungry.

Then just 10 years old, she got a job as a chorus girl in a travelling show. Through the occupation years she toured the East Indies and Malaya.

Stranded in Penang, Malaya, when the war ended, she fell in love. Two years ago she married a fellow East Indian, also in show business. She was 14; he was 28.

When Shaw Brothers studio decided to make "Chempaka" they sent a talent scout out hunting a female lead. He asked Mr Booty for a recommendation. Booty recommended his wife. She won the role.

SHOT IN OPEN

The picture, mostly shot in the open air with primitive equipment, told of a Malayan prince who sought to marry Chempaka against her will. The hero, a Malayan bearing a strange resemblance to Tarzan, saved her.

Interlarded with clip shots of stampeding elephants, crocodiles and tigers, the film was not much of an artistic triumph. But Miss Booty was a sensation.

"They should have called it Booty and the Beasts," sighed one reviewer.

Another picture is in the offing for Kasma Booty.

Miss Booty doesn't think anyone there—not even Lamour—has had as much experience wearing sarong as she has.—Associated Press.

Hollywood's Happily Marrieds

PEOPLE can stay married in Hollywood. The Lana Turners and the Arline Judges crowd them off the front page, but there are old married people around who are getting close to their silver wedding anniversaries.

They are top stars, too. Still packing in the customers. Gary Cooper, that old lady-killer, has been happily hitched to Sandra Shaw for 15 years now. Bob and Betty Montgomery just celebrated their 20th anniversary.

Lloyd Nolan and his wife hit their 15th marker a few weeks ago. Claudette Colbert, who still out-pins-up most of the glamour kids, has been Mrs Joel Pressman for 12 years now. Irene Dunne's been Mrs Francis Griffith for 21.

George Burns and Gracie Allen are just two years away from that silver 25th, and Mary Livingstone has been feeding gals to Jack for 21.

That's how long George and Julie Murphy have been mister and missus. Pat O'Brien and Elio are getting up there with 17; James and Billie Cagney with 22, and Frederic March and Florence Eldridge with 28.

But the still-going strong star who takes the cake (wedding, that is) is Eddie Cantor. He married Ida 34 years ago.

Someone looked up Lloyd Nolan, the newest "old married" man, to find out how all these top stars managed to stay out of the divorce courts.

"How do we do it in Hollywood?" Nolan had to think that one over. "Just make sure your wife isn't a career gal. I guess. That's the worst thing in the world for wrecking homes."

HONGKONG-MADE FILM SETS HIGH STANDARD

"THE Soul of China," the first picture to bear the imprint of the Yung Hwa Motion Picture Industries, Ltd. of Hongkong, which will have its premiere at the King's Theatre on Wednesday next, sets a new high standard for Chinese films, and shows what can be achieved with sufficient financing, proper organisation and adequate technical facilities.

The story deals with the decline of the Sung empire under the invading Mongols; in particular, the efforts of the loyal minister, Wen Tien-

hsiang, to save the throne and the country.

Those who have made any study of Chinese history and can appreciate the atmosphere will find settings, costumes and customs reproduced to perfection in the picture—a tribute to the painstaking research work that must have accompanied its production. The fine speech and polite deportment of the cultured classes of those times, the dresses, the modes and weapons of war, the architecture and interior furnishings of palaces and homes—they combine to form an effective background for the unfolding of the story.

Telescoping History

The period of history covered is long, and perhaps for that reason more footage is required. The picture is 12 reels in length, and from the slight jerkiness of the continuity it appears that considerable cutting has already been done; therefore further editing might spoil the show as a whole. If the original script had been so written that it could have telescoped incidents—sacrificing historical accuracy for better theatre—one or two reels might have been eliminated.

Liu Cheung, in the role of the noble and upright Wen Tien-hsiang, impresses. He succeeds in making the character one with the surroundings. The other actors and actresses do not measure up to his standard; of these, Koo Er-yi, as the deputy prime minister, Chia Shih-tao, gives the most polished performance and the least "stagey." Camera work and lighting, which show a definite European influence, are good throughout and excellent in one or two scenes.—ACG.

Mr. STAR DUST

by DAVID LEWIN



HOAGY CARMICHAEL, 48-year-old "music master of American sentimental jazz," reached London the other day, and said: "I sing the way a shaggy dog looks."

Carmichael is rather like a shaggy dog himself. Short, lean, with a battered face and a bored expression, he does not rate either his singing or his piano playing very highly.

But the royalties on his 60 songs, his weekly radio show, and his films bring him in nearly £2,000 a week. He is a big business. His friends say: "Hoagy has so many careers he has to make a date with himself to turn out a tune."

When he does get around to writing his songs he finds it easy. He finished "Stardust," which put him in the top rank of composers alongside Irving Berlin and Cole Porter, in 20 minutes.

That was 20 years ago, when he was paying a visit to his old university at Bloomington, Indiana. He went to look at the local "lovers' lane," and he says: "There I was writing 'Stardust' and trying to find a piano on which to play it."

It took two years for it to be a hit. Since then the sheet music has sold a million copies and every year Carmichael receives a cheque of around £5,000 for royalties. "That looks after the essentials," he says.

Before he started writing his soft, sleepy dance numbers he tried everything from working a cement mixer to helping in a slaughterhouse. His voice was not a big success. He was expelled from his college choir, but Paul Whiteman asked him to sing with the band. Carmichael gave up law and settled for music.

His voice is a slow rasp. But it has the knack of making the listener feel comfortable. You imagine Hoagy Carmichael lying in a hammock in his oldest clothes on the point of falling to sleep when he sings "Old Buttermilk Sky," "Small Fry," "Thanks for the Memory," or "Georgia on My Mind."

He says: "I try to enunciate clearly when I sing. That is all. I like people to hear the words."

The words are his big problem. He has written so many songs he cannot remember them all.

'THE BODY' DANCES

MARIE McDONALD, born in Burlington, Kentucky, comes of a theatre family. Her mother was a Ziegfeld Girl; her grandmother was an opera singer.

It was during a try-out at NBC in New York that band-leader Tommy Dorsey heard Marie sing, and signed her as his star vocalist. The film beckoned and she turned to acting in such pictures as "It Started With Eve," "Appointment for Love," "Appointment for Marriage," "Appointment for Murder," "Appointment for Death," and "Appointment for Hell."

And then the G.I.'s discovered Marie. They tagged her "The Body," and as such she hit big publicity. After travelling with USO camp shows, "The Body" returned to Hollywood and won her big chance in "Guest in the House," followed by "It's a Pleasure" and "Getting Gertie's Garter."

In "Living in a Big Way," romantic comedy in which she appears opposite Gene Kelly, Marie McDonald dances and reveals a fresh dramatic talent. The picture comes to the Queen's Theatre on Tuesday.

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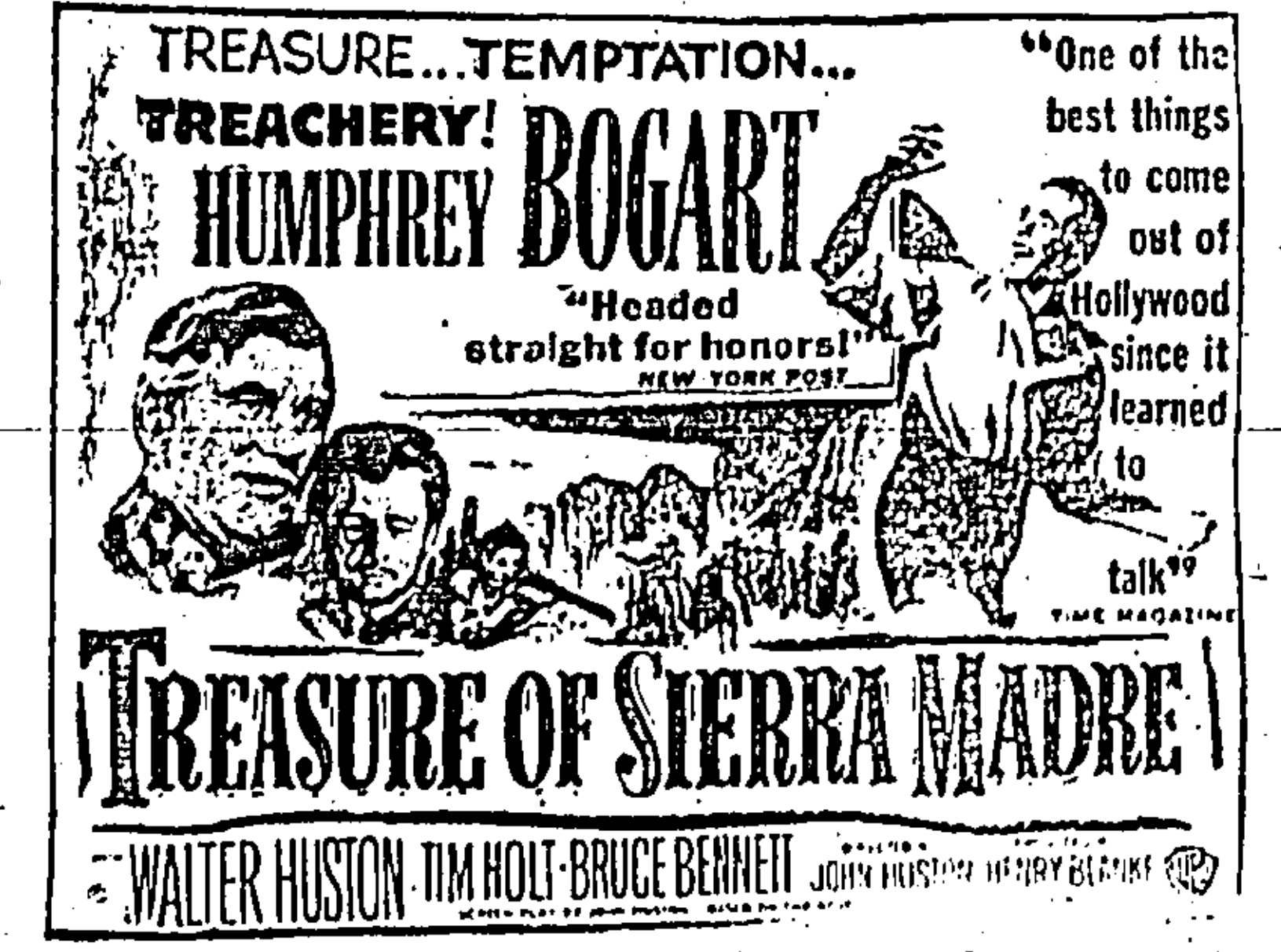
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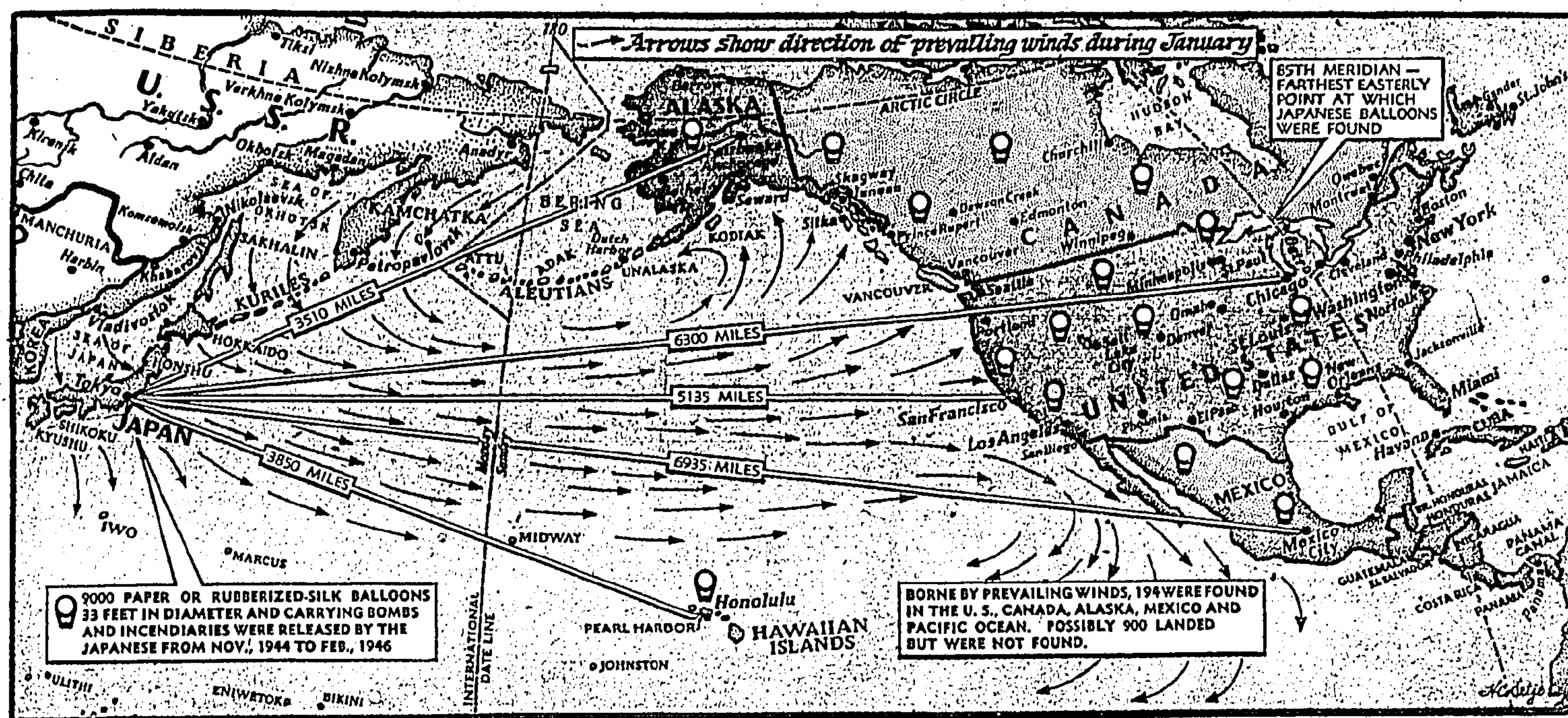
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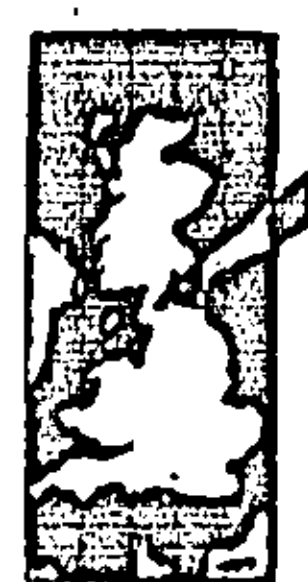
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ROADS, KOWLOON.

A PATH FOR THE POLLEN OF DEATH



Where's Wicksteed?



IF YOU made a blind date last Saturday with Bernard Wicksteed you can keep it today—on the top of Striding Edge in the Lake District. From there he sends home the first news of his random tour....

WELL, here we are—at the top of Helvellyn, in the Lake District, 3,118 feet above sea level. It's a wonderful day, with the sun shining on the snow, just as it does in Switzerland, and the air so clean and good that every breath you take has a kick to it.

I must say I'd no idea when I caught the 10.40 train from Euston that I'd be looking at snow before nightfall. That was just one of those happy chances that come to you when you do things on the spur of the moment.

The reason I chose this place was because of a book I'd been reading about Mount Everest. The author is a climber so pure in his beliefs that he thinks Press publicity is the curse of mountaineering. He says this in his book at least three times, so we'll be kind to him and not mention his name or that of his work.

Of course there are plenty of people who will say that Helvellyn isn't in the same class as Mount Everest. It isn't even the highest mountain in England, let alone the world, but why worry about that?

I have a theory that the less you know about anything the easier it is to get fun out of it, and if you know nothing at all about mountains you don't have to go to Tibet for a thrill. You can get all you want on Helvellyn.

Down in Patterdale, where this expedition begins, the rocks are nesting in the tall trees by the church that was named after St. Patrick because he stopped there once. The lambs are so new they haven't had time to get dirty yet, and the woods are full of infant rabbits.

Snow skyline

FROM this you raise your eyes to the skyline of snow, and the mountains seem so enormous you have no trouble at all in pretending you are looking at the Himalayas from Darjeeling or Kalimpong.

There aren't any yaks on the lower slopes of Helvellyn, but from a distance the sheep look much the same. They are called Herdwicks, these sheep in the Lake District, and they are much more use than yaks because they earn dollars. Their wool goes to America and is made into carpets.

I read in a book once that no other breed has the same power of resistance or the same ready wit. The hardness part I can believe, but how does a sheep show its wit? All those on our route take one look at us and clear off without a single ban of repartee.

On all the best mountaineering expeditions the climbers establish a series of rest camps where they gather strength for the tests to come. On Everest



these camps begin at about 17,000 feet, but the beauty of Helvellyn is that you can begin resting as soon as you like and still have time to reach the top.

So on our expedition we'll establish Camp I, at 500 feet. One of the native porters on Everest sustained himself on a long march by boiling his shirt to make tea, but we've no need to do that, because there's beer in my rucksack—and coffee, too, if you'd rather.

Camp I has a mountain stream gurgling past it, and though I've never been to the Himalayas I'm ready to bet that the mountain streams there are no better than those in the Lakes.

Streams have a universal quality as soothing as a symphony concert. The bubble of water as it falls over rocks shuts out external distractions and you can dream yourself to Tibet without effort.

But we must not let the pleasures of the valley keep us too long. It's 1,000 feet more to Camp II, on the Striding Edge arete. Arete? Oh yes, we've got them on Helvellyn. You don't have to go to the other end of the world to use words like that.

Lava rocks

AN arete is simply a place where a couple of glaciers have eaten into a mountain from two sides and left a sharp and precipitous knife-edge behind.

The glaciers on Helvellyn melted about 10,000 years ago when the Ice Age ended in England but we needn't tell the Everest boys that. And anyway, there's still so much snow that it's easy to think there's still ice.

At this point I think we should do a little scientific work to justify the expense of coming here. We won't call it geology, because that sounds such a bore, but it does add to the interest of the expedition to know how the rocks you are climbing got there.

Most of the Lake District is made up of lava that welled out through cracks in the earth a couple of hundred million years before the Himalayas existed. In fact, the whole area had been to the bottom of the sea and came up again before Everest was more than a molehill.

Scattered about in little pockets you can still see the covering rock that was once sediment at the bottom of that ancient sea. It's called Westmorland limestone, and it weathers in such a picturesque way that people pay money to have it transported to their rock gardens.

At Camp II, we'd better take another swing before tackling the famous Striding Edge. In midsummer there's nothing much to it if you've got a good head for heights. Small children and old women traverse it easily, but there's melting snow on it now and that makes it harder. Recently a man slipped there and was killed, and half-way along is a memorial tablet to someone else who did the same.

Lack of oxygen

MY wife, who was dragged protesting from her children and spring cleaning to join this expedition, began asking at this point whether our journey was really necessary, and wondering out loud if the baby at home was being properly fed.

"As we are only pretending this is Mount Everest," she said, "can't we turn back now and also pretend we've been to the top?"

You have to be prepared for that sort of thing at high altitudes. It's the lack of oxygen, you know. It saps the will power and makes you imagine things, like the tracks of abominable snowmen.

In the Himalayas the critical stage is around 20,000 feet, but on Helvellyn you get there sooner and the abominable snowmen wear hobnail boots and leave orange peel in their tracks.

Over the brow

SO, gritting out teeth, we press on, up to our knees in snow and wishing we'd never set out. Then, hours later and quite unexpectedly, we come over the brow and we're up.

Immediately everything seems worth while. There's Windermere and Derwentwater and Skiddaw and Scawfell, and it's good to be alive.

In our little suburban way we've done what we wanted to do, and that's more than the Everest boys can say. They haven't climbed it yet.

THE above map, on its face, is fascinating history. In its implications, it is a warning of what could happen in the future, should a ruthless enemy take advantage of the natural flow of winds to sweep balloons carrying deadly germs—deadly to crops, to animals and to human beings.

Let's start with history. By U.S. War Department estimates, the Japs launched 9,000 paper or rubberized-silk balloons, from November 1944, to February 1946. The Japs remember, were experimenting. They did not know quite what they had, but they had some astonishing results. They found that the best time of the year for launching was in the late autumn and winter when the west-east prevailing winds were most favourable. January, as the map indicates, was particularly favourable.

For the first time, the U.S. War Department has revealed that one of these balloons travelled something like 6,300 miles, or to the 85th Meridian (see map) which bisects Hudson Bay, the Great Lakes and Mid-West industrial area, slicing into the Gulf of Mexico

between New Orleans and Jacksonville. In all, 194 complete balloons were found in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Mexico and the Pacific Ocean; 83 fragments of balloons, and 32 bombs or bomb fragments.

The U.S. War Department recognised immediately the terrible possibilities of the balloons for bacteriological warfare. Fortunately, the Japs confined their experiments to bombs and incendiaries and, fortunately, the cost in casualties and damage was small. Total casualties were six persons killed in Oregon by careless handling of a bomb that had been on the ground for a month or more.

Now, let's consider the warning. The frightful possibilities of bacteriological warfare were set forth from the detached perspective of the scientist last year in a 40,000-word technical summary prepared by Drs. T. Rosebury and E. A. Kabat, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. They considered the possibilities of 33 disease-producing bacteria and viruses in spreading pestilence and famine.

High on the list were anthrax (in both animals and humans); botulism, a form of food poisoning; brucellosis or undulant fever; glanders, a disease of horses and men;

prevalent in Russia, Asia and Africa; the pneumonic form of black plague; psittacosis or parrot fever; tularemia or rabbit fever; certain typhus-like diseases, and yellow fever. Yellow fever could be spread anywhere, like the common cold. Rabbit fever could be spread through the air and produce disease of the lungs.

The same winds that carried the ineffective Jap incendiaries and bombs can be used to carry the terribly effective bacteria. There is no special need for precise accuracy, as in gunfire or aeroplane bombing. If they missed one city or one flourishing countryside, another city, another countryside would do just as well.

Look at the wind arrows on the map. From the Kamchatka Peninsula of Russia, from the Sea of Okhotsk, the prevailing winds are north-east. These winds lead into the general west-east wind sweep across the Pacific. Nearing the American coast they would be diverted gently northward to the Northwest; abruptly northward to Canada and Alaska; gently southward to the Southwest; or straight inland. Look at the map. (Map by H. C. Dettie. Copyright, 1948, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

SMERTENKO PLANTS PICKETS—BUT NEW YORK STILL BUYS BRITISH

The 'Boycott Professor' regrets a flop

By EVELYN WEBBER

NEW YORK. THE "Boycott Britain" movement here is a flop—despite the efforts of the Zionists, the "professional Irish" and assorted Britain-haters banded together in the so-called "Sons of Liberty."

Americans are still drinking our Scotch, wearing our tweeds, eating with Sheffield cutlery, and driving in their new British cars to see British pictures.

Behind the boycott movement is 51-year-old Russian-American Professor Smertenko formerly a top Bergson group official and executive of Ben Hecht's American League for a Free Palestine.

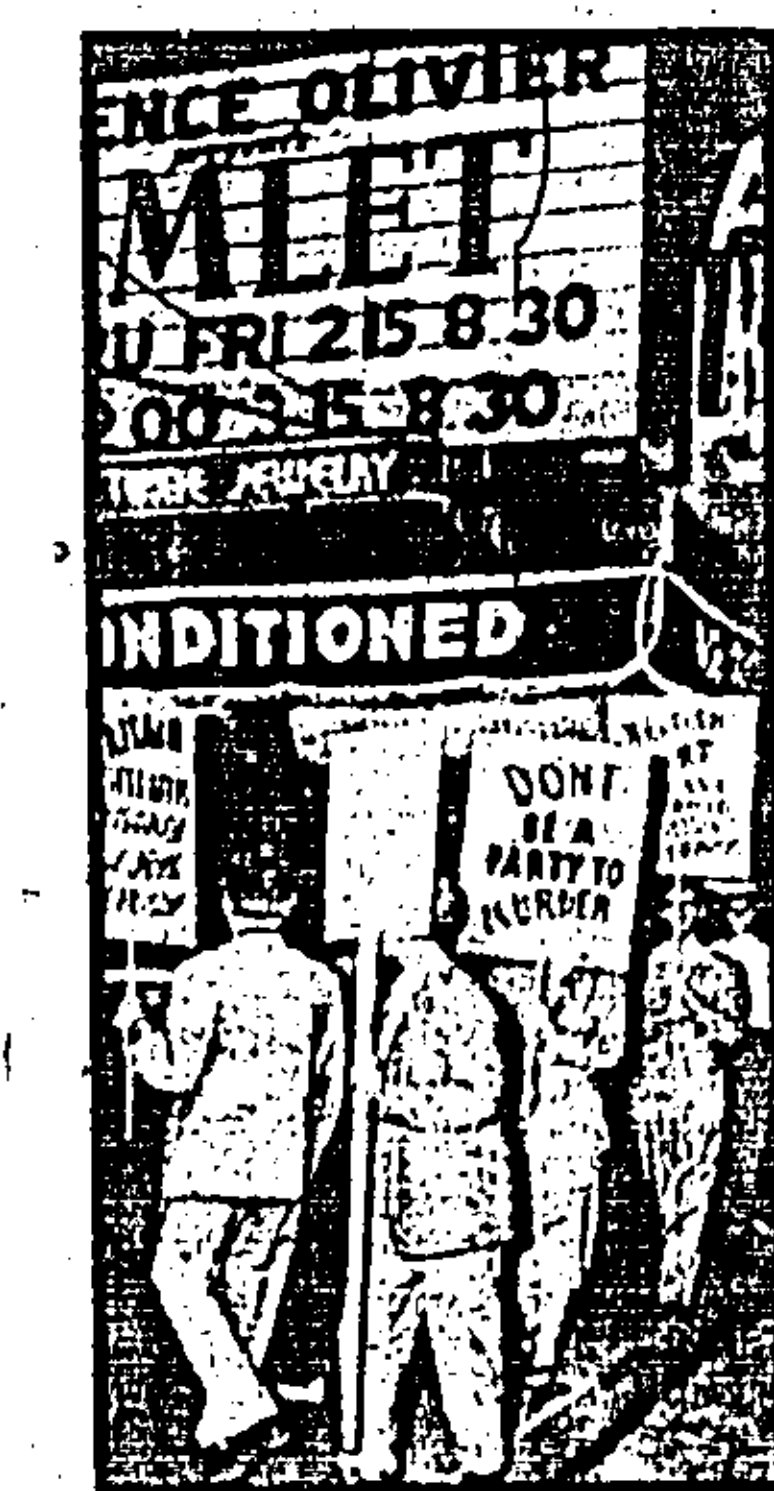
HE COPIES HECHT

Smertenko uses the Hecht line. He quotes George Washington in the virulently anti-British literature his organisation sends out. He even copies Hecht's use of the Irish.

"An all-Irish picket at the Boston showing of Britain's Hamlet was a lovely sight," he told me, "and (fixing me with a menacing stare) 'we have William Ziff, vice-chairman of the American League, and Mr. Connolly of the Echo, supporting us.'"

(When I left Smertenko I telephoned Mr. Charles Connolly, editor of the Irish Echo, who told me indignantly: "I am not a member of any of those organisations. Don't let them get away with that.")

I saw Smertenko in the course of an investigation into the methods of his liberty-loving associates.



"A lovely sight," says Professor Smertenko: Britain's Hamlet film is picketed at Boston.

Their interpretation of liberty for others is to telephone American firms wishing to sell British goods or American theatre-owners wishing to show British films, and threaten to picket them unless they instantly join the boycott.

They are attempting to open branches in Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit and Los Angeles.

Workers in the organisation are young. The top two executives are part-time students whose salary is £10 a week (less than a street-cleaner's wage here now). Offices occupy two floors of a Manhattan hotel, formerly tenanted by Rabbi Korff, who wanted to bomb London.

One of the executives told me: "Sometimes I feel like a little dictator picking up a telephone and threatening people with a boycott. But the professor says we'll get results that way."

Seven co-workers were mailing requests for literature. Five more were preparing a "Boycott bulletin" dedicated to hitting the British Government. It contained brand names and manufacturers of British goods of many kinds.

The executive said there had not been any pickets outside New York cinemas. "We have just threatened exhibitors, that's all. We have been helped by the publicity film trade Press and some of your own film exhibitors who have announced they won't send their pictures here because they are afraid."

"They don't know that any pickets we did employ would have to be volunteer ones—and we have to find them first."

(An all-star programme of British reviews, "Four Feathers" and "The Drum," is now showing despite the boycott in the predominantly Jewish Bronx and Brooklyn districts. These pictures were booked by one of America's biggest circuits.)

SALES WENT ON

"Only three exhibitors out of the many we have circularised have so far refused to show British films," he added.

And your 45 percent quota has a lot to do with that. We are just taking advantage of the situation." Professor Smertenko, bland, balding soft-voiced, said: "Two New York department stores were picketed. I regret to say that sales continued in both stores despite our pickets. We will just have to educate the people."

He admitted he did not know where the money would come from. Looking at a small pile of donations for the day (they totalled \$5—the largest was for 25c.) he told me:

"We've spent all we got since we started three months ago—£8,000. We need £50,000 a month to get effective action."

"Twelve pages of advertisement cost us over £2,000. We spent £430 on public meetings (our last near Ben Hecht's home) and £600 on posters and pamphlets. We need more workers desperately—volunteers, naturally."

"The Sons of Liberty?" he echoed, in reply to my question. "Yes, that's our name. And the name and the organisation are both my idea."

MILLIONAIRE WHO NEVER MARRIED

BY GWYN LEWIS

AMBITIOUS mothers in British, American, and French Society tried for half a century to win a son-in-law the millionaire Mr Eugene Higgins, American banker.

But the man known in his youth as "the richest and most eligible bachelor in the States" clung to bachelorhood until his death, at the age of 89, in a Torquay hotel.

Only two people know the secret of why he never married—Madame Roger Ivy Chappelle, his friend for 30 years, and M. Cousteau, his secretary for 41 years.

Madame Chappelle will only say, "He was a great gentleman."

His millions, for the most part, will be shared by Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia universities. They will devote the interest on the residue of the £10,000,000 he left to scientific education and research.

His will, drawn up in Paris in 1936, had a codicil added recently, the day before he died.

The Higgins fortune was founded by Eugene's father in the carpet business.

Eugene disposed of this business, then vastly increased his inheritance by banking and investment.

Young Eugene took up fencing—with such zest that he became an amateur champion.

He was a keen horseman. His stables were said to be the best-appointed in America.

BUT NO WEDDING

He became the owner of two magnificent yachts, first the Varuna a 1,504-ton steam-driven vessel, and, after that, the wrecked in 1913 off Madeira, the Thalassa in which he made his last voyage across the Atlantic.

Yachting took him to the Mediterranean playgrounds.

It was there, when he was 38 years of age, that his name was linked with that of Madame Calve, one of the great opera singers of her generation.

Madame Calve, who died in 1942, is said to have agreed to consider marriage with Eugene only after she had made a yachting cruise with him to "enable her to make up her mind."

The cruise was never made. Rumour supplied many more candidates for his hand in marriage, but Eugene Higgins denied all intention of ever marrying.

In 1921 he offered a prize of £1,250 for the best theatre on Elsinore's theory of relativity. It was won by an English clerk.

ONLY ONE LOST

When his yacht Varuna sank during one of his cruises he had 69 guests aboard. Only one life was lost.

The French Government awarded him a gold medal for saving the lives of two of his French guests.

The war was responsible for Mr Higgins spending the last nine years of his life at Torquay. He arrived there shortly before his outbreak in the yacht Thalassa.

Mr Higgins settled down with his secretary and valet. Madame Chappelle also stayed at the same hotel. He would never use the hotel lift, saying that he enjoyed the exercise of climbing stairs. His day began with physical jerks at 6.30 each morning.

Wealth often engenders a carelessness over clothes, but every evening Mr Higgins dressed for dinner and would not enter the dining room until Madame Chappelle had pinned a pink rose in his buttonhole.

Three months ago he was persuaded to allow a local doctor to examine him after his health had given cause for anxiety.

IN EVENING DRESS

On August 5, his secretary and valet entered his bedroom to dress his master for his last voyage.

He lay dead, but was in full evening dress as when his embalmed body was taken aboard the liner Queen Mary at Southampton for New York, where he was buried.

Pinned to his dress jacket was the medal he had won for bravery. Relatives receive under the will small legacies of a few thousand pounds "merely as tokens of affectionate remembrance and regard knowing that all are already amply provided for."

New York reports of the will make no mention of provision for Madame Chappelle.

Shortly before Mr Higgins died a lawyer had been called from New York to discuss the will.

MODEL CARS ON SHOW

IN London now can be seen model jet-propelled aircraft, model racing-cars capable of 70 mph, and a radio-controlled model of the battleship Vanguard.

They are among nearly 450 show pieces at the Model Engineer Exhibition at the New Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster.

The exhibition, regarded as the finest of its kind in the world, shows this year, for the first time, model craftsmanship from many parts of the world—Canada, France, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Austria and Norway are represented.

A number of the exhibits were made by women. There is, for example, a realistic model of a horse-drawn timber tug made by a 74-year-old woman.

Mr E. G. Holborne, of Speldhurst, Kent, is exhibiting a detailed, scale model of the Old Berkshire Coach, once the fastest means of transport on the road. The model is worth £500.

A miracle of miniature engineering is a 24-cylinder sleeve valve aero engine.



MAJOR John Burnett, MC, 2nd Gurkhas, and his bride, formerly Miss Jane Blanche Webster, leaving St John's Cathedral after their marriage last week. (Ming Yuen)



THE St Thomas More Association, a Catholic organisation the idea of which was born in Stanley Internment Camp and which now has a membership of over 600, gave a cocktail party last week at the Catholic Centre, King's Building. Above and at right are two pictures taken on the occasion. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PHOTO taken at the reception given after the wedding at St Mary's Church last Saturday of Mr Richard Lee and Miss Pearl Yeh. (Francis Wu)

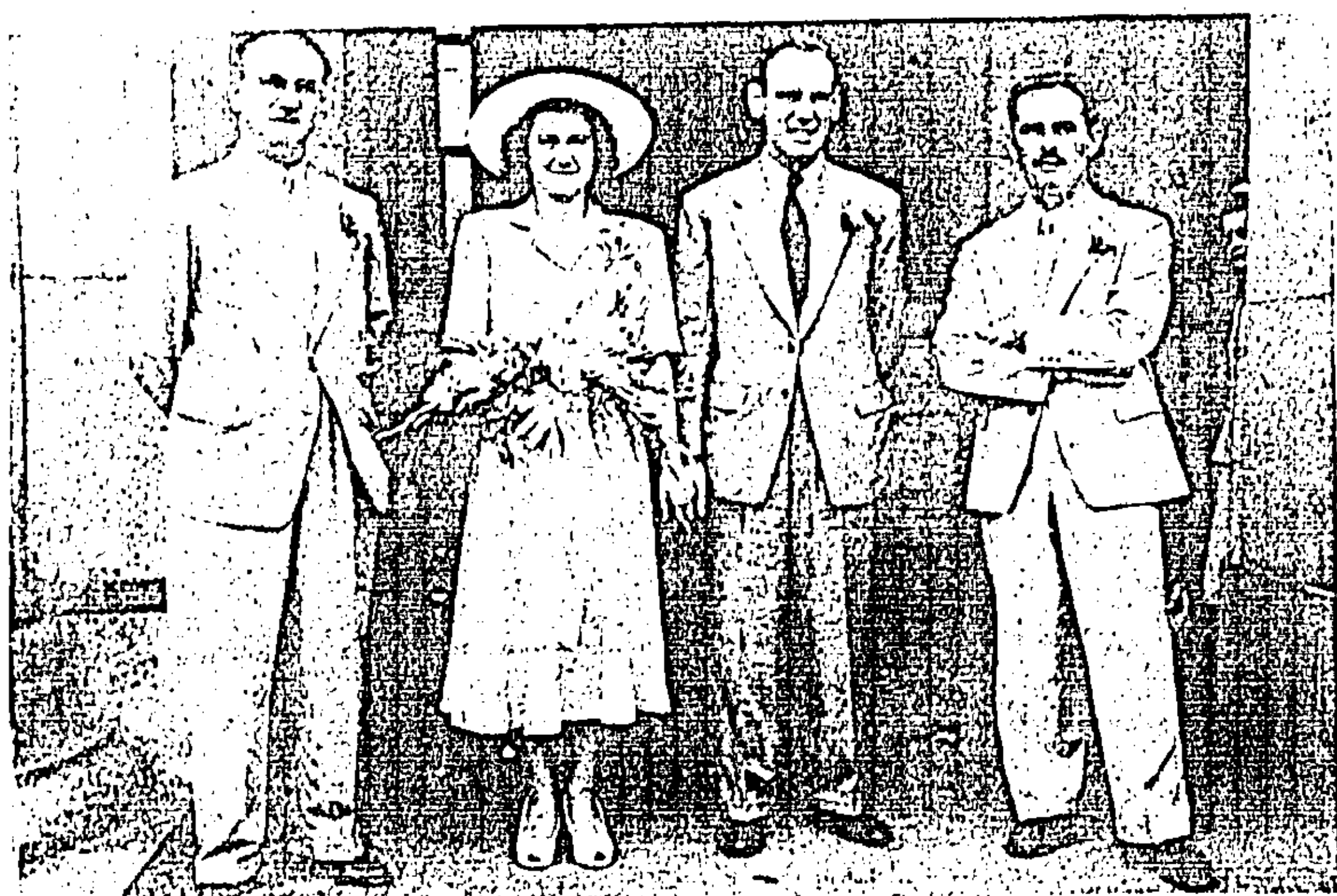


PHOTO taken after the wedding at the Registry last week of Mr Alan Arthur Dean and Miss Audrey Trinette Johnson. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



RIGHT—Mr. Tso, Tsun-on, Assistant Superintendent of Police (Reserve), laying a wreath at Stanley Cemetery on Liberation Day in memory of members of the Police Reserve who gave their lives during the war. (Golden Studio)



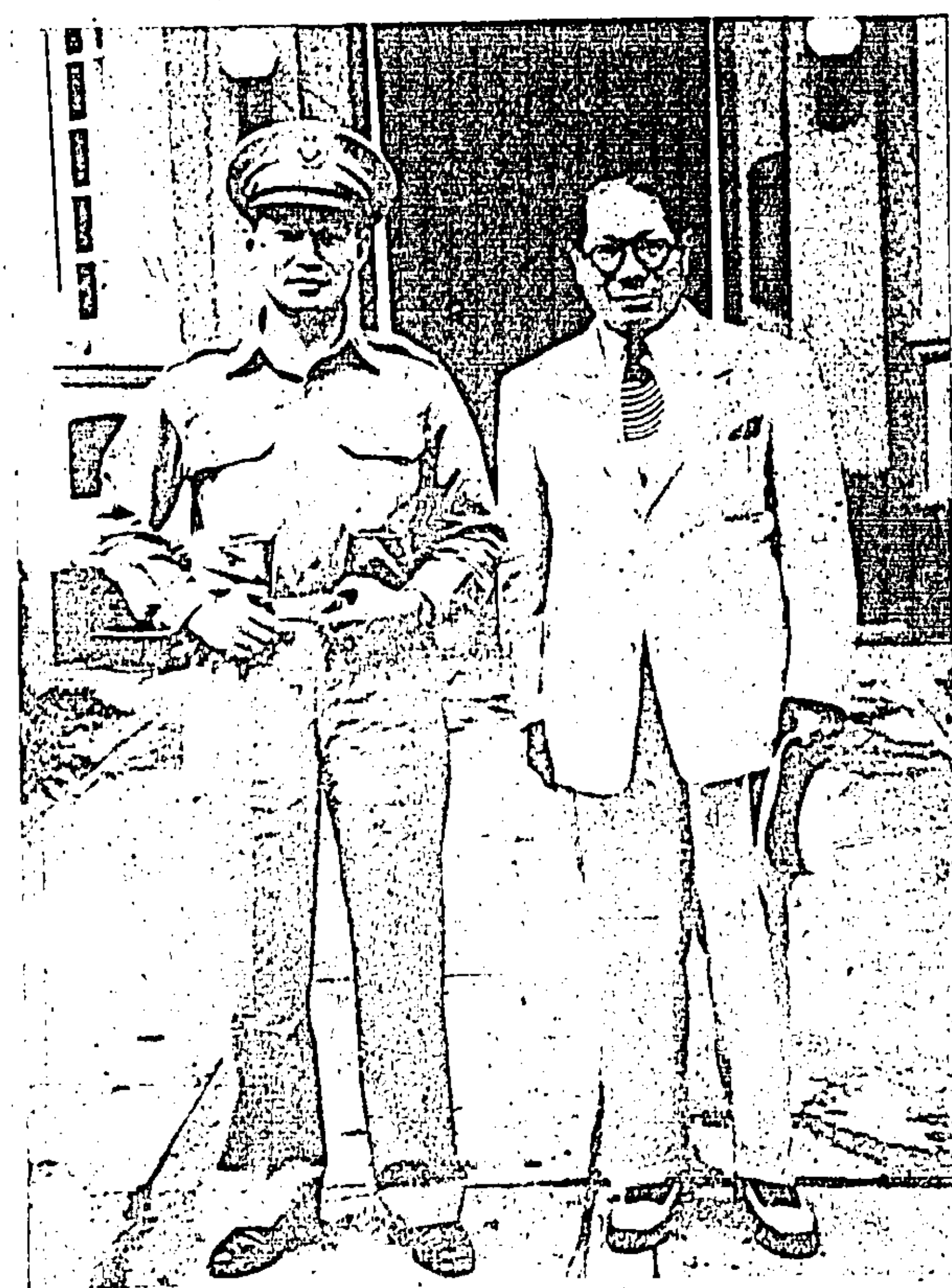
MR John Mortimer Bradley and Miss Lydia Dihkman, who were married at the Registry last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



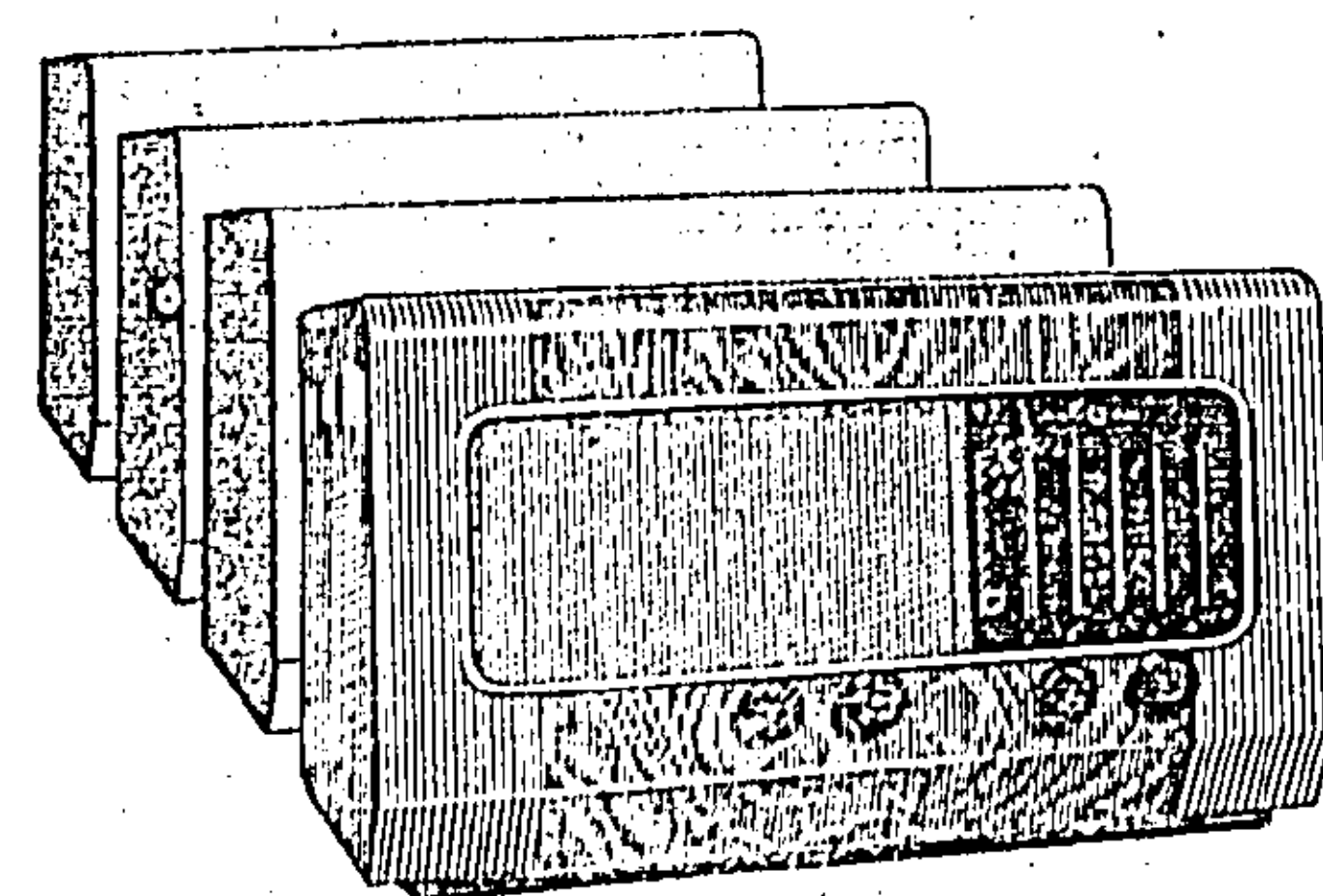
RIGHT—Mr Bernard J. Laverty and Miss Evolino G. Wood, who were married at St Joseph's Church on Sunday last. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



ONE of the many schoolchildren who braved the heavy rain last Saturday to sell flowers to raise funds for welfare work undertaken by the Chinese Women's Association of Hongkong and Macao. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



BURMA war veteran General Sun Li-jen, who is now head of the Troop Training Department of the Chinese Ministry of Defence, photographed with Dr Li Shu-fan during his flying visit to Hongkong last week-end. (Ming Yuen)



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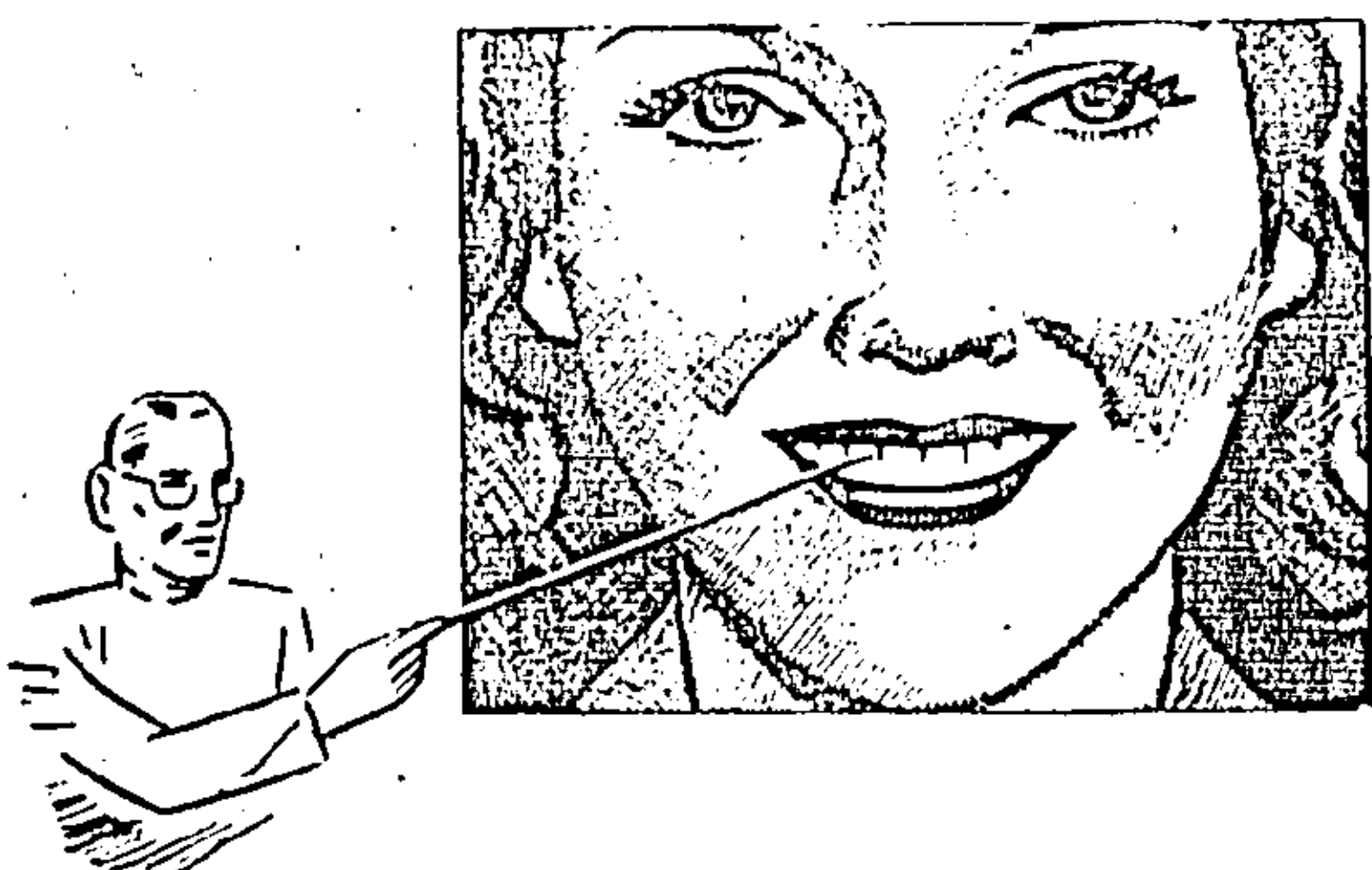
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WOMANSENSE FASHIONS



HAIR-DO—This hair style, called Birdsong at Eventide, won first prize in a hair-dresser's contest at Victoria, Australia.

PARIS SUMMER STYLES:

MORE COVERED-UP LOOK POPULAR

By JANE BARRY

PARIS. THE outstanding feature of all summer dresses is their simplicity: not merely simplicity of design, but also simplicity of material. The popular classic weaves dominate and the few prints shown are classics also, with spots and stripes to the fore and a minimum use of florals and decorative prints.

Femininity allied to freedom for easy movement is expressed all around. This is particularly noticeable in little wraps, short jackets which are loosely fitting and often really full, with wide sleeves, sometimes almost of the bat-wing type. Such wraps are not only shown with dresses but are particularly popular with beach outfits.

Feminine Touches

New touches of femininity have come into being where swim suits are concerned. These are far more modest than those of previous years. The classic wool swim suit (for Parisian designers have at last come to realise that there is no substitute for wool where the true swimmer is concerned) is modelled to the figure and boasts an abbreviated overskirt, making it far more becoming and graceful than the tightly swathed designs in printed cotton shown last summer. Often such overskirts are very

slightly fluted round their base, like a style featured by Pierre Balmain in a navy-blue model worn with a pareo of printed Indo-Chinese cotton which you whip off before braving the water.

As a rule, beach ensembles all feature three or more items, making a complete ensemble of swim suit, cotton skirt, and a wrap of some kind. There are ensembles consisting of two-piece swim suit, skirt, and loose coat, other swim suits accompanied by rompers and boleros, and a third type of ensemble which comprises an ankle-length skirt which can also be worn round the shoulders as a cape or cloak.

Andre Ledoux, noted as a specialist in sportswear, has made a feature of such outfits in his summer collection.

Stripes play an important role in slacks for holiday wear. When I write of slacks I must include all types of trousers for bicycling, walking and sailing. Some are cut off short just below the knees, a few are drawn in to the calves in the fashion of pirate breeches, yet more are rolled up casually about the calves like the trousers of Neapolitan fishermen, while others are classic lengths, covering the ankles with a turn-up like those on men's trousers.

Plain Blouses

Striped pantaloons are invariably topped by plain blouses, jackets, boleros, and new versions of the middie blouse.

Pretty accessories for holiday wear this season include many broad-brimmed sun-stopping hats, some with brims so wide that they fall back upon the back of the shoulders, protecting them better than any parasol. Rather purple straws are used for such models, straws which can be draped into huge pleats and folds, their charm often enhanced by a large bow of polka-dotted cotton or a striped scarf.

Rather stiffer lines in holiday millinery are found in wickerwork straw hats trimmed with foulards and matching up with wickerwork handbags, or "hold-alls." Generally speaking, there is much cotton used in summer hats; and pretty little models in checked gingham are shaped like shell bonnets with handkerchief ends on either side to tie under the chin or over the bonnet brim on less windy days.

More Modesty

And mention must be made of many frocks with low, sun-bathing tops that are accompanied by little boleros to match, thus providing them with conventional tops for formal occasions.

Generally speaking, sun-bathing is to be restricted this year to the beach itself and a greater measure of modesty is apparent all around, falling into line with the 1930 trend. This movement can only be welcomed for the greater measure of dignity it imparts, and whatever criticisms may be levelled against the "New Look," none can deny certain good points in its favour, this among them.

Buying Beauty Preparations



A jar of good cleansing cream should be on every woman's shelf of beauty aids.

By HELEN FOLLETT

CONSIDERING the enormous output of cosmetic laboratories—the beauty business is one of the largest industries—it is not surprising that the shopper's mind is confused when it comes to selecting a cream or lotion. Glass cases and counters are full of them. And it really doesn't matter much; they're all good. They all serve the same purpose: soothing, lubricating, freshening.

Crems, of course, are of different consistencies. The perfume that appeals to one customer may not appeal to the next one. For cleansing purposes, a cream should promptly melt, become thinner when applied to the flesh. This type is easily removed with tissues, leaving the skin clean, only slightly oily. Some manufacturers of such creams are offering a supplementary skin lotion to complete the cleansing process and to remove the oily film to give the flesh that fresh, pinky tinging that is a good base for make-up. There are non-cosmetic aids that help to keep the face clean. Com-

plexion brushes, for instance, with bristles that do not mat down when the brush is wet. Little pink paper handkerchiefs with hem stitched edges to use in place of tissues; they look prettier on the dressing table. Squares of cotton for applying lotions.

A magnifying mirror should be a part of every woman's good looks equipment. If she spots a blackhead she can use the mirror so that the extractor can be manipulated properly.

This little instrument can be bought at any drug store. It is of metal; at one end is an open circle. Place the circle over the dark dot, press lightly. There is no danger of digging into the flesh as happens when one operates with one's finger nails.

After the removal of blackheads the skin should be laved with a saturate solution of boric acid, one teaspoonful of powdered boric acid dissolved in a cup of warm water.

RATTAN ART FURNITURE

BASKETS — MATTINGS — BLINDS

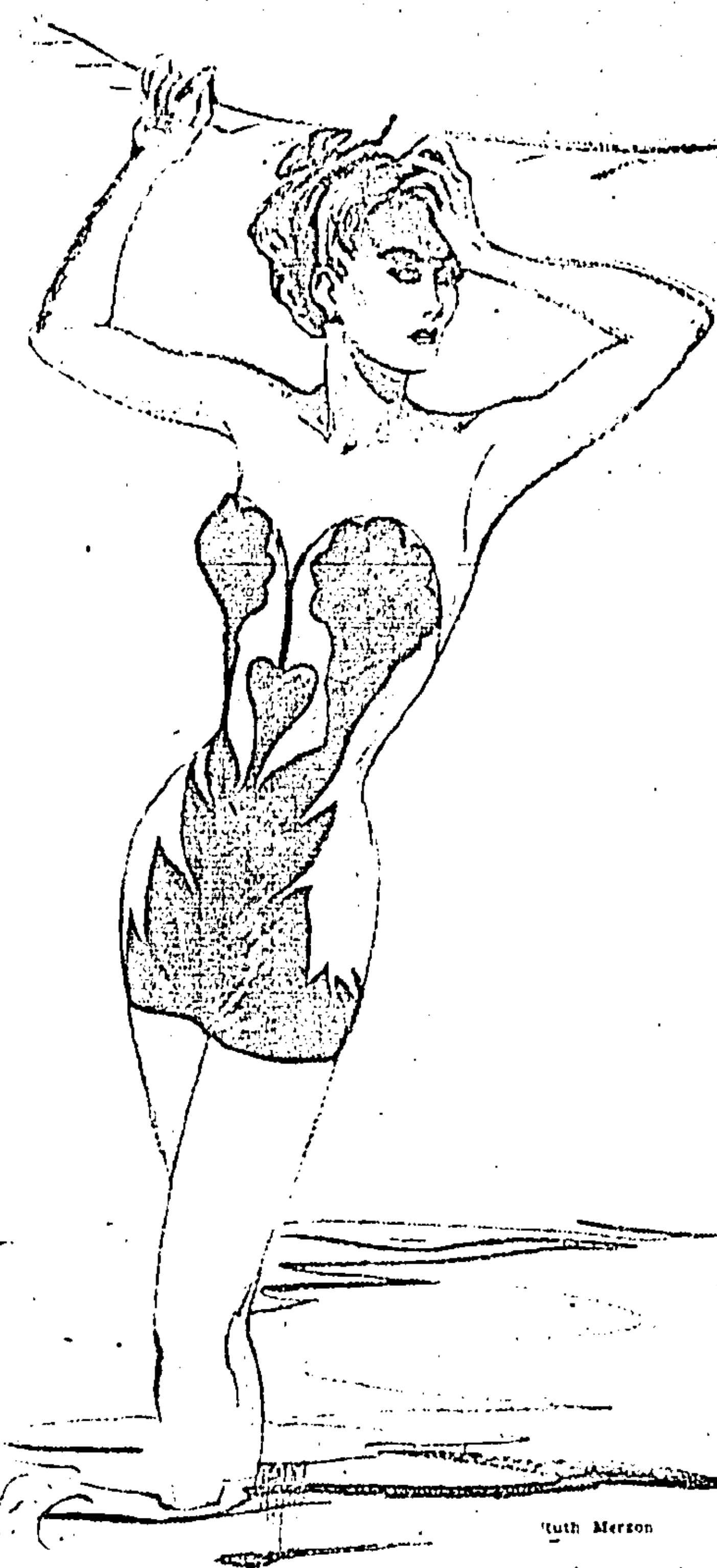


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Mermaid Silhouette



By PRUNELLA WOOD

THE seaside has become such a social event that there is a whole series of eye-arresting aquatic styles which the girls use for their private competitions. Here we have sketched for you a dramatic swim suit as functional as a pop-up toaster, which enhances a good sand figure, and has inner construction to help along the least or most of figures which err from the norm.

In other words, this nude nylon marquisette swim dress of maillot style, with appliques of black satin, is cut to order and fitted at the bra with concealed supports or concealed curves, according to the individual. The model is strapless but not precarious, and it dries in a jiffy to its perfect form-fitting shape after a dip in fresh or salt water.

This is but one of a series of bathing dresses designed for flattery to any type of figure... to please those who wish to be immensely skirted and supported or built-up, or those who can slip into a second silhouette.

IT MUST BE FROM PARIS (or must it?)

Is it true that a Paris hat is unmistakable? From the latest dress shows Paris has sketched six of the new season's models—three from Paris, three from London. Before reading Patricia Tennard's report below, test your dress sense by trying to spot the products...



WITH designers divided between 1930, 1925 tubular and 1947 New Look fashions, the new season's hats on both sides of the Channel are more "clever" than beautiful.

Majority of London's winter hats are based on one shape: the indeterminate cloche. It may be all crown or have a slight brim, it may dip down to one side or frame the face halo-wise, it may hide all the hair or reveal curls in front and over the ears; it may be a double-crowned beret or almost a bonnet, but in all cases it hugs the head.

In Paris, "Gapper girl" styles of the 20's are merged into 1949 lines. Hair is nearly always short—a shingle with a V of hair in the nape of the neck; or middle-parted to the nape of the neck and turned back into a close roll or curls over the ears; or long hair rolled under into the nape and drawn up high and flat over the ears. Ears are always partly covered by the hair style.

Hats for these hair styles cover the head like a second scalp. They are all small, revealing the ear lobes. Nearly every hat rises to a blunt peak, and if there is a brim at all, it is never more than 1½ in. wide.

They include pixie hats, "pinocchio" hats, little-girl "apple" hats, Dutch bonnets, helmet shapes, and flower-pot hats. There is a strong tendency for American styling, i.e., round, sleek crowns with one trimming—a feather, flower or mount.

There are plenty of fur hats, beaver fur felts, plushy velours, suede and velvet hats. Colours mainly black, soft donkey browns, dull greens, greys, a dash of red—no blue.

Sketches show:
1 The only big hat shown in London—Mme. Vernier's black velvet irregularly shaped picture hat, fringed inside the brim and round the skull-cap crown with glycerined feathers.

2 PARIS: Schiaparelli's stovepipe hat of brown suede, inch-wide brim turned up over left ear.

3 "Everybody's" winter LONDON cloche hat—softly draped fur felt pierced by a giant pheasant feather.

4 PARIS: Dior's pixie hat of white flowerheads topped by a bow of black ribbon velvet.

5 PARIS: Cone felt hat with draped angora jersey hiding the crown.

6 Wallace of LONDON makes this "Pinocchio" cloche—a scarlet cone crown, pleated at the back, ending in a poke, face-framing brim and tufted with a bunch of iridescent green coq feathers.

IN THE HOME

- Informative
- Entertaining
- Exclusive

Preparing Your Child

To Enter School For The First Time

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

MOST little children who, this month will enter school for the first time, are hopefully and eagerly looking forward to the experience. Happily they talk about it to their parents and playmates. Their parents are appreciative listeners and keep cultivating this happy, hopeful attitude in the child. So do many of the playmates.

Nevertheless, a few older children, inclined to badly younger children, will deliberately put doubts and fears into the younger child's head and heart. Unfortunately, these fears may grow to large proportions before the first day at school. Parents with insight and appreciation and with skill at winning the child's confidence and faith can dispel these planted fears.

WHEN ANGRY

But, alas, an occasional parent, who might be intelligent otherwise, will, at a moment of vexation at the child whose co-operation and obedience they have not cultivated well, say to him "Just wait. All you go to school. Your teacher will make

you mind." Then this teacher may be pictured as a ferocious creature instead of a person commanding respect and admiration.

I wish the mother of the little child who will enter school would try to get over to this child the spirit of the following. It even might be read to the child with profit.

It won't be long now till you will be going to school. It may have seemed to you that this time would never come. But it soon will come. You have supposed it would be great fun to go to school. You will soon be sure it is great fun.

At school you will meet many new friends and when you come home each evening you will tell us about these friends. One friend at school you will talk about most is your teacher. You will talk about her kind ways.

When you are hurt at school you will go to this teacher. When you feel sad and worried you will go to her. You will go to her when anything seems to go wrong with you. She will help you to learn from books. She will be happy when you learn well and when you find it hard to learn she will make it easier for you. This teacher will also have the same kind ways with all the other children at school.

WILL GET TIRED

But your teacher will have a lot of children to look after. Sometimes she will get tired, for some children will want attention all the time. They will forget that all the other children wish to have her love and attention, too. But you won't forget. You will remember and wait. You won't be selfish.

Some children at school will make more noise than they should and do other things they should not do. In this way they will be unkind to the teacher. Don't you think every boy and girl should be kind to his teacher and thoughtful of her?

Do all you can to make your child feel hopeful and happy about his first day of school. Also help him in all ways you can to play freely with other children of his age. A favourable impression of his age, not fear is vital to the child entering the first time.

Household Hints

HOUSE dresses, that are worn around the ankles are too short even for an early trip to the market, will serve a long time as aprons. Cut away the sleeves and deepen the neckline. Lower the neckline. If the dress is a front opening style, turn it around. A two-piece cotton whose jacket is beyond repair will do as a half-apron. Take off the waistband, cut the skirt up the back, hem the sides and stir the waist on the front of the band. If you can't get the skirt from the jacket, put gripper snaps on the belt.

Take care of your white shoes to make them last. When you clean them, put shoe trees in them or stuff them with tissue paper, and after cleaning, don't put them on until they are completely dry. Also read the label on the cleaner to be sure it's the correct one for your shoes.

Sweep, but do not dust, tile with a floor duster. Using a dust mop will only fill the crevices between the tiles with dirt. Use clear water and little or no soap, especially if the tiles are new, when mopping the floor. Soap is apt to make the tile slippery and to cloud the glaze. Use a piece of an old Turkish towel and a scrubbing brush for the tiles and very little water. Too much water may loosen the tiles. If there are spots or stubborn dirt, rub down gently with steel wool or a mild scouring powder. Work carefully so as not to scratch the glaze.

CANADIAN RODEO QUEEN



Gloria Klaver poses with the thoroughbred Palomino horse she rode after being chosen queen of the Calgary Stampede by Canadian cowboys of Alberta.

INTERESTING NEW RUGS & CARPETS

By ELEANOR ROSS

LOTS of interesting things are under way in the rug world.

One manufacturer announces a carpet woven of nylon, and it is claimed that this product cleans like a breeze, without any shrinkage, is virtually indestructible and colour proof, and seemingly can take endless traffic without any alteration of its pile, but very expensive.

Something else new and beautiful is a hand-loomed carpet with woven metallic yarn. We saw rugs with gold, silver and copper coloured accents that really are something. The metallic and wool carpeting has a swirling pattern of thick wool loops, some of which have been cut for shading. In green or brown carpeting, or in a mixture of beige, brown and turquoise, beautiful enough on its own, metallic thread has been interwoven with some of the wool yarn. An exquisite effect is achieved in a green carpet that has a glittering appearance produced by a light mixture of both gold and silver coloured threads. With it is a matching cotton drape, with metallic threads woven horizontally. An ideal choice for a really luxurious interior.

Practical Rugs

And now, having disposed of the luxury note in rugs, let's move on to something more practical.

One of the big home hazards in the summer time is caused by slipping rugs. It looks so nice—that shining wood floor brightened with colourful scatter rugs. But how those pesky things refuse to stay anchored! But the shops have lined up all sorts of anti-skid preparations.

One company has just introduced a white liquid rubber preparation to be painted on the backs of scatter rugs. This stuff dries in an hour or so and forms a transparent film that is said to do a good job of anchoring the rug. The same preparation also anchors loops of hooked rugs, thus preventing tufts from coming out. The backing, which is waterproof, is said not to come off on the floor.

Makes Rug Skid-Proof

Another excellent product is a liquid that is sprayed or brushed on to make a rug skid-proof. It is said that a coating of this preparation makes it easier to vacuum small rugs, since the rug, when treated, lies flat. Still another preparation is said to have the additional virtue of being impervious to soap and water washings. Also available are powders to be sprinkled on rug backs.

Another good idea along the same safety line, is that of bathroom rugs, washable affairs of cotton, with slip-proof backings. There are flat rugs and luxurious looking shaggy ones. It might be well to select such a one when shopping for a bathroom rug.

Only Women Have This...

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

ANY woman who suffers from cheilitis, or inflammation of the lips, should suspect her lipstick. Most lipsticks are perfectly safe but those which contain a so-called indelible dye to keep the colour from coming off the lips easily may cause some women trouble. The dye most commonly used for this purpose is dibromofluorescein, or compounds of a similar nature. It

has recently been found that dyes of this type are the most frequent cause of cheilitis in women.

Whether the inflammation of the lips is due to the fact that some persons may be sensitive to the dye or whether it is due to direct chemical irritation has not yet been determined. In any event, when cheilitis occurs, there is swelling of the lips and a collection of fluid in the tissues. In addition, there may be some scaling or cracking, or little ulcers or sores may form.

Indelible Dye

When this condition develops as a result of the use of lipstick with an indelible dye, the condition can be promptly overcome by stopping its use and employing some other type, one that has no indelible dye.

A good lipstick is easily and evenly applied, is not too greasy, does not crumble, crack, or melt. It must be soft enough to put on in winter and have an agreeable odour and taste. The dye is ground into a wax and oil base.

Women will also be interested in another recent discovery which will make it possible to enjoy the sun without danger of burning.

When taking sun-baths, it is often necessary to protect the skin from burning. Various lotions and solutions have been employed for this purpose. Some of them contain salicylic acid or tannic acid.

Irritation of Skin

It has been found, however, that if enough salicylic acid is used, it will cause irritation of the skin, while the tannic acid does not stand up under the continued exposure to the ultraviolet rays in the sunshine.

Recently, a preparation containing para-amino-benzole acid has been tried out carefully on 32 persons. These individuals had noted that they were unable to remain in the sunshine for any considerable period of time without suffering severe sunburn. The para-amino-benzole acid was put into an ointment mixture. It was found that in all cases, the preparation gave complete protection against sunburn.

MISS EUROPE'S AUTUMN GOWN



Designer Maggy Rouff (left) looks over the new creation, Bagdad, a pink and black satin evening gown, from her new autumn collection. Modelling it for a fashion show in Paris is Jacqueline Donny, Miss Europe of 1948.



Crisp Cucumbers Cool You Off

THIS is the time of year when cucumbers are at their best, plentiful, and consequently "inside the budget." When out of season they are prohibitive in price, so let's make the most of them now. A good cucumber should never be too mature; it has a thin skin which is easily dented; is never yellow in colour; never shrivelled; and is always crisp and firm to the touch.

"Keep cool as a cucumber," is a phrase founded on scientific fact, for cucumbers contain natural distilled water that is always cooler than the temperature of the air. Crisp, fresh, cucumbers are as digestible as any other raw vegetable—just chew them well! And that old idea that cucumbers must be peeled and soaked in cold water to take out the "poison," is sheer superstition. Leave on the skins if they are young and fresh—they are fine roughages and don't drown cucumbers in water. They are 95% water all by themselves.

Use in Salads

Most homemakers buy them only for casual use in salads, and fail to take advantage of the many ways they can be used as a vegetable.

"How about a nice cream of cucumber soup?" suggested the Chef. "It is appetizing either hot or cold, and very easy to make."

"Excellent for lunch," I agreed. "Did you ever have plain boiled cucumbers Chinese style?" he went on. "You just take small cucumbers, pare them and boil in a very little salted water. Then drain, and serve hot with melted butter, pepper and salt. An excellent side dish for any smoked or salted meat, or to serve with fish."

"I also like them baked and stuffed," I said. "In that case I choose a small stubby cucumber for each person; pare them, boil five minutes, then cut in halves lengthwise and scoop out the seeds with a spoon. They are nice filled with a stuffing of buttered bread crumbs and chopped shrimp, seasoned with herbs. I put them in a baking dish, add hot water to half cover and bake until the cucumbers are tender, about 35 minutes."

Served on Toast

"That is a de luxe dish, Madame," remarked the Chef. "Excellent served on toast, with egg-cream sauce. I think our readers would also like to know how to make the famous cucumbers with tomatoes and green peppers," he continued. "It is good, and quite unusual. You melt two tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 1 cup chopped sweet green peppers and saute about three minutes. Then add about 2 1/2 cups chopped peeled cucumber and 2 chopped peeled tomatoes. 1 teaspoon salt; 1/4 teaspoon pepper and 1/4 teaspoon sugar. Simmer until the vegetables are soft—but not too much."

"That's really a cooked relish," I exclaimed. "Seasoned with a little curry it should go very well served with fish."

"Excellent," said the Chef. "Or as a side dish with hamburgers or corned beef hash, it would be the tops."

Dinner

Tomato Juice Dark Rye Canapes
Sweet-Sour Smoked Tongue
Potatoes Braised String Beans
Fried Cucumbers
Chilled Fruit Cup Fig Bars
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea
Milk (Children)
All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve Four

Dark Rye Canapes

Cut dark rye bread or pumpernickel into finger lengths or half slices. Spread lightly with any of the following mixtures, which can often be made of oddsments in the refrigerator.

1. Liver paté mixed with a little table mustard, minced red radishes, and cream cheese or cottage cheese.
2. Limburger, or any kind grated sharp cheese, stirred into butter or margarine with a little minced onion.
3. Any kind of fine flaked fish or fish paste blended with mayonnaise, and chopped parsley or a trace of dill.

Sweet-Sour Smoked Tongue

Order a 3 to 4 lb. tongue. Place in a good sized kettle; cover with cold water; bring to boiling point, then drain. Cover again with cold water. Add 1 tsp. pickle spice and 1/4 c. vinegar; when boiling rapidly, cover and simmer until the tongue is tender when a fork is run through the thickest part, (or pressure-cook 45 min. at 15 lbs. using only 2 c. water in the cooker). When done, pare off the thick skin and cut some of the tongue into thin slices. Prepare a sweet-sour sauce; lay in the slices of tongue, simmer to heat thoroughly, and serve with flaky potatoes.

Sweet-Sour Sauce: Melt 1 tbsp. drippings, duck or chicken fat, in a sauce pan. Add 1 peeled, diced medium-sized onion, and slow-fry 1 min. Then stir in 2 1/2 tbsp. flour. When smooth, add gradually 2 c. of the liquid in which the tongue was boiled. Add 1/2 lemon sliced very thin, the seeds removed. Stir in 1/2 c. raisins, 1 in. stick cinnamon and 4 cloves. Then add 3 tbsp. brown sugar and 2 tbsp. vinegar. A few shredded toasted almonds may be added if desired.

Fried Cucumbers

Feel 1 good-sized cucumber and slice 1/4 in. thick. Dip in fine dry crumbs, then in 1 egg, slightly beaten and mixed with 1/4 c. milk seasoned with salt and pepper. Dip in crumbs again. Slow-fry in a heavy frying pan with just enough vegetable fat or oil to keep the cucumber from burning. Turn when browned on one side to brown on the other. Allow about 5 min. for frying.

Trick Of The Chef

To toast almond meats, first blanch, then cut lengthwise in three pieces. Place in a small pan with a little butter and toast until brown in a moderate oven, 350 F.



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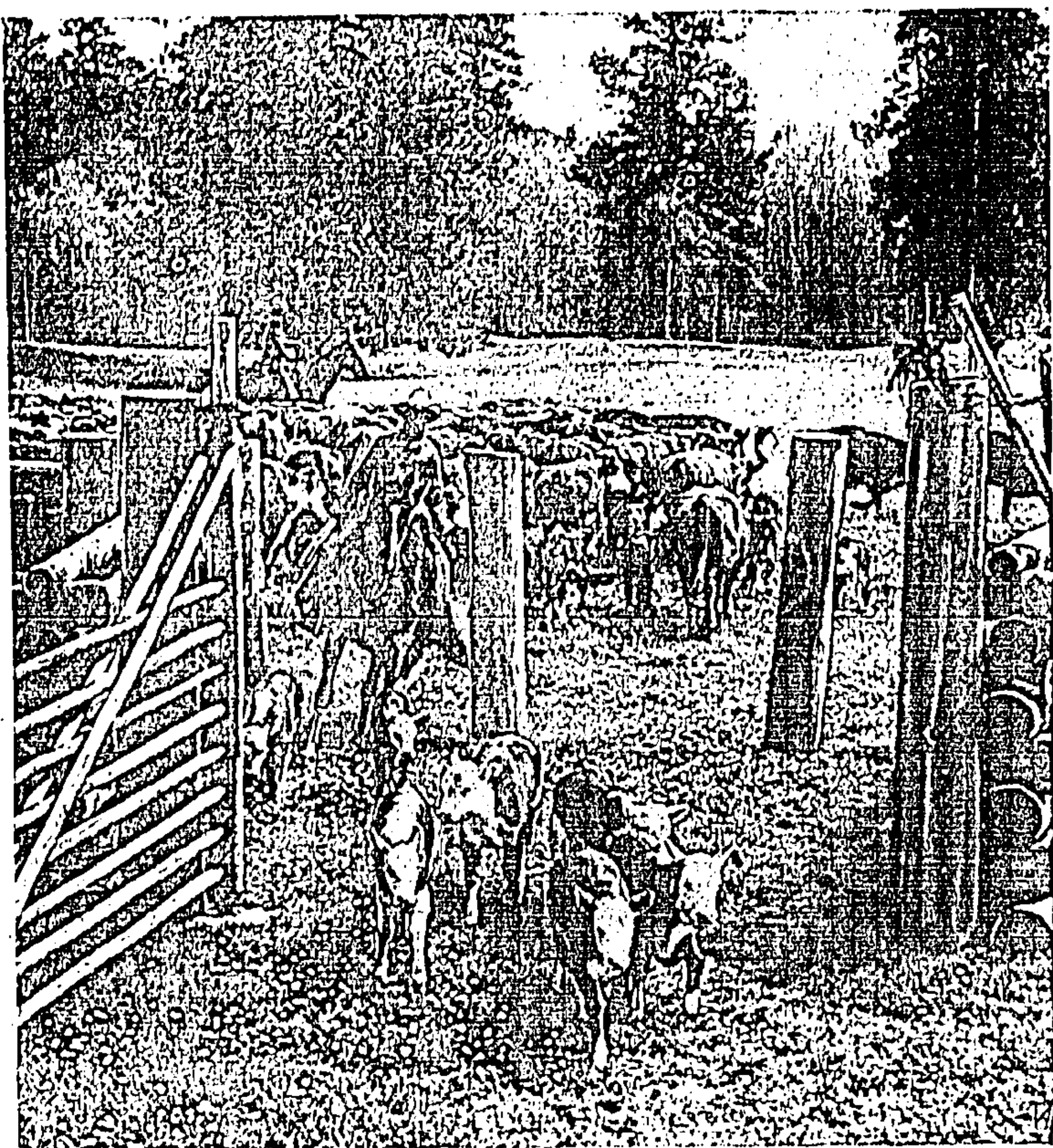
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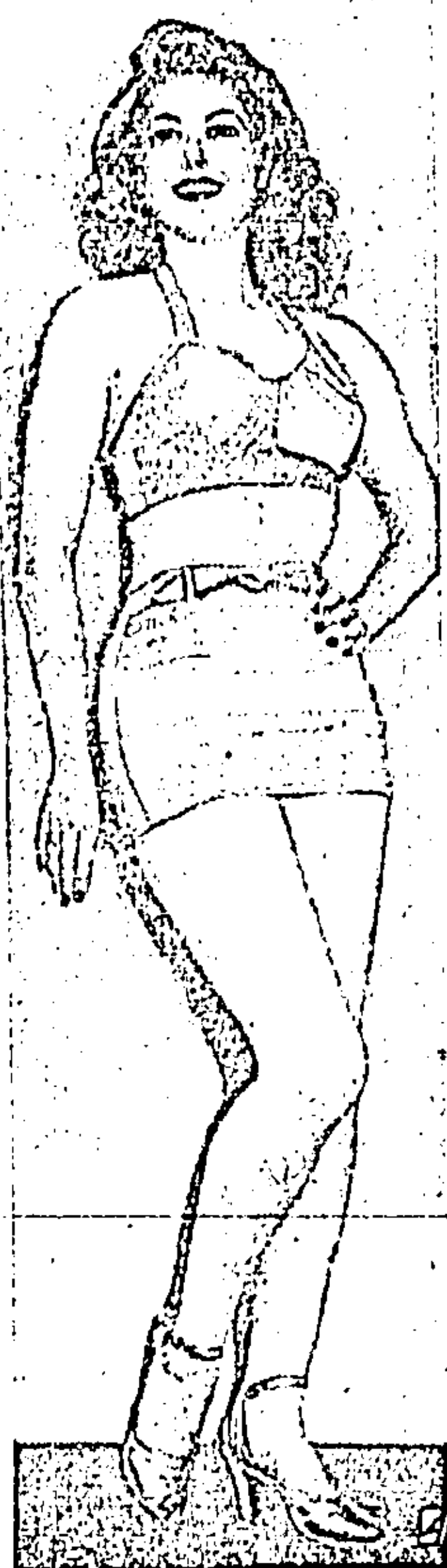


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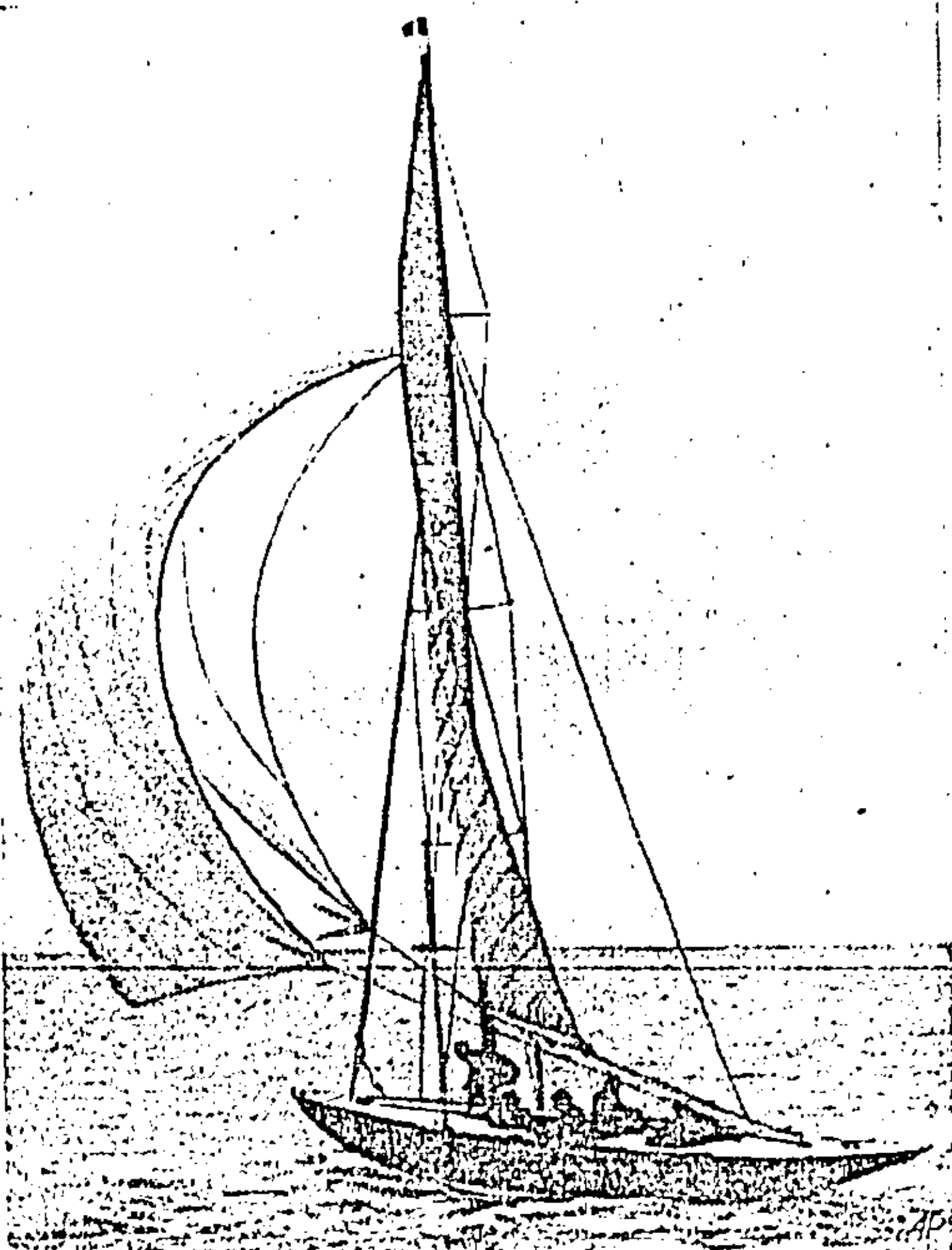
WORLD NEWS IN PICTURES



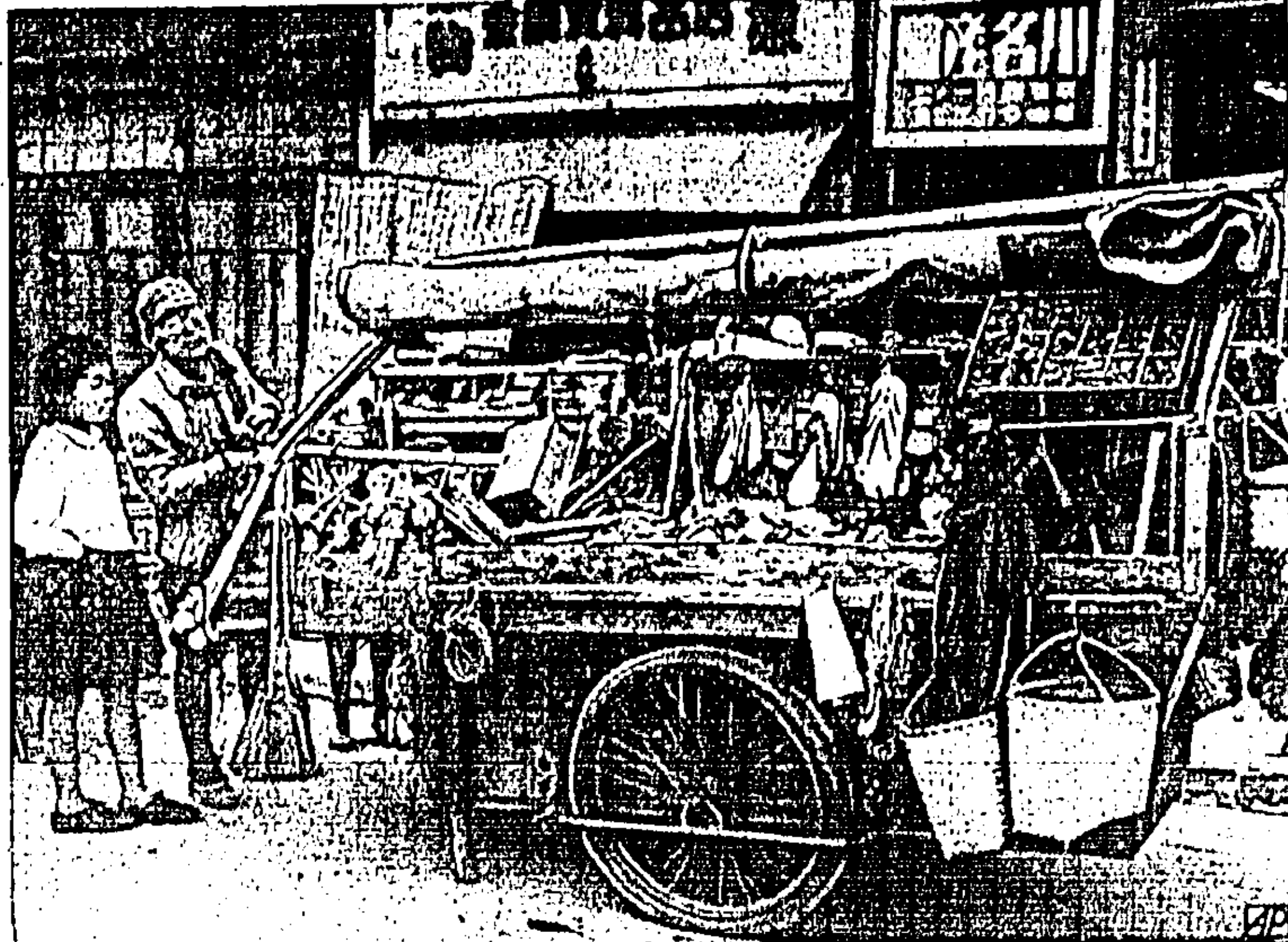
CANADIAN ROUNDUP—Calves are herded through the corral at the Douglas Lake Cattle Company's ranch, lying between the Cascades and the Coast ranges in British Columbia. They will be branded, inoculated and turned loose to grow until big enough to slaughter for meat.



ACTRESS—Adele Mara of the films wears a two-piece costume designed for swimming as well as play.



RUNNING TO LEEWARD—The French "La Bandera," her spinnaker drawing well in light breeze, makes a pretty sight as she runs down the leeward leg of the Olympic six-metre course in Torquay Bay, England. She finished eleventh.



TRAVELLING MAN—This is the Japanese version of the travelling salesman. He pushes his cart along Tokyo sidestreets shouting to attract attention to his display of varied wares.



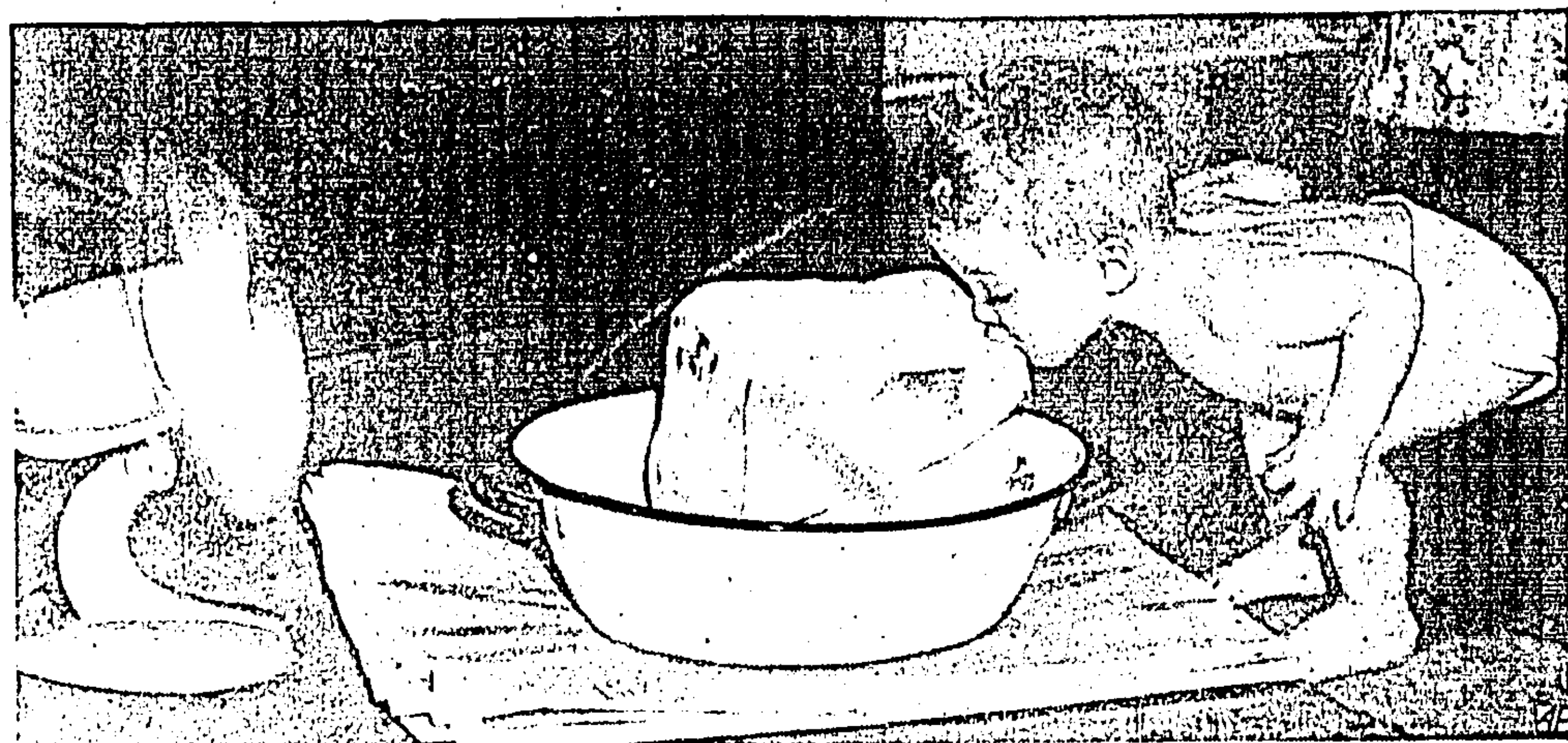
ARTIST—Salvador Dali, surrealist artist, is pictured in New York en route from California to Europe.



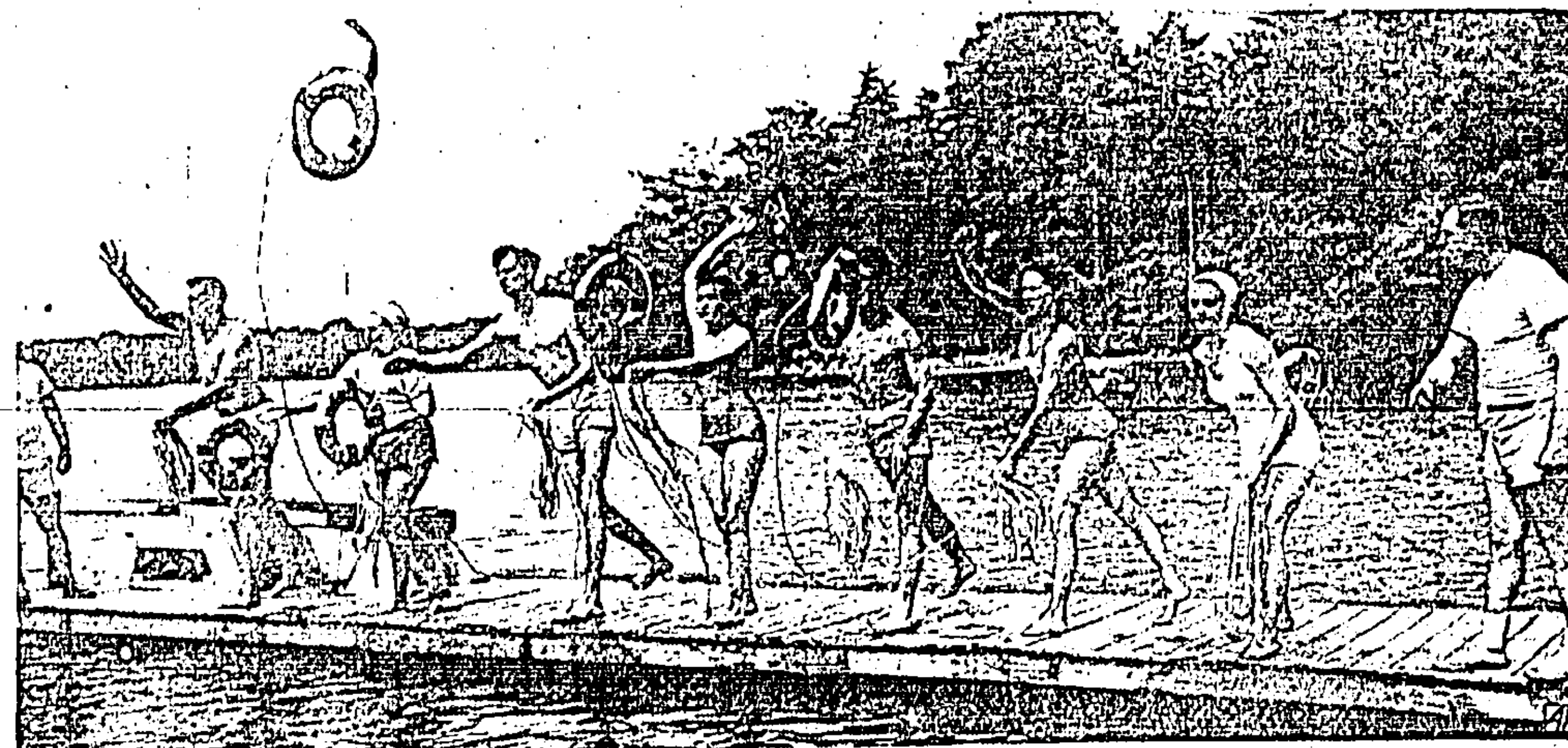
WEE ONE—A small vase holds this tiny, silk-haired Chinese poodle at the home of Mrs. J. E. Dubue, of Rimrock, Washington.



HONOURS OLD FRIEND—Bernard Baruch, former counsellor to Franklin D. Roosevelt, places a wreath at the base of the late President's statue in Grosvenor Square, London.



BEATING THE HEAT—Billy Jim Anderson's parents rigged up this device to help him beat the heat as the mercury flirted with the 100-degree mark at Overland Park, suburb of Kansas City.



LEARNING WATER SAFETY—Dutch Holland (right) instructs swimmers in throwing life belts at a Red Cross school at Plymouth, Massachusetts. The students are being prepared to teach first aid and accident prevention in their home towns.

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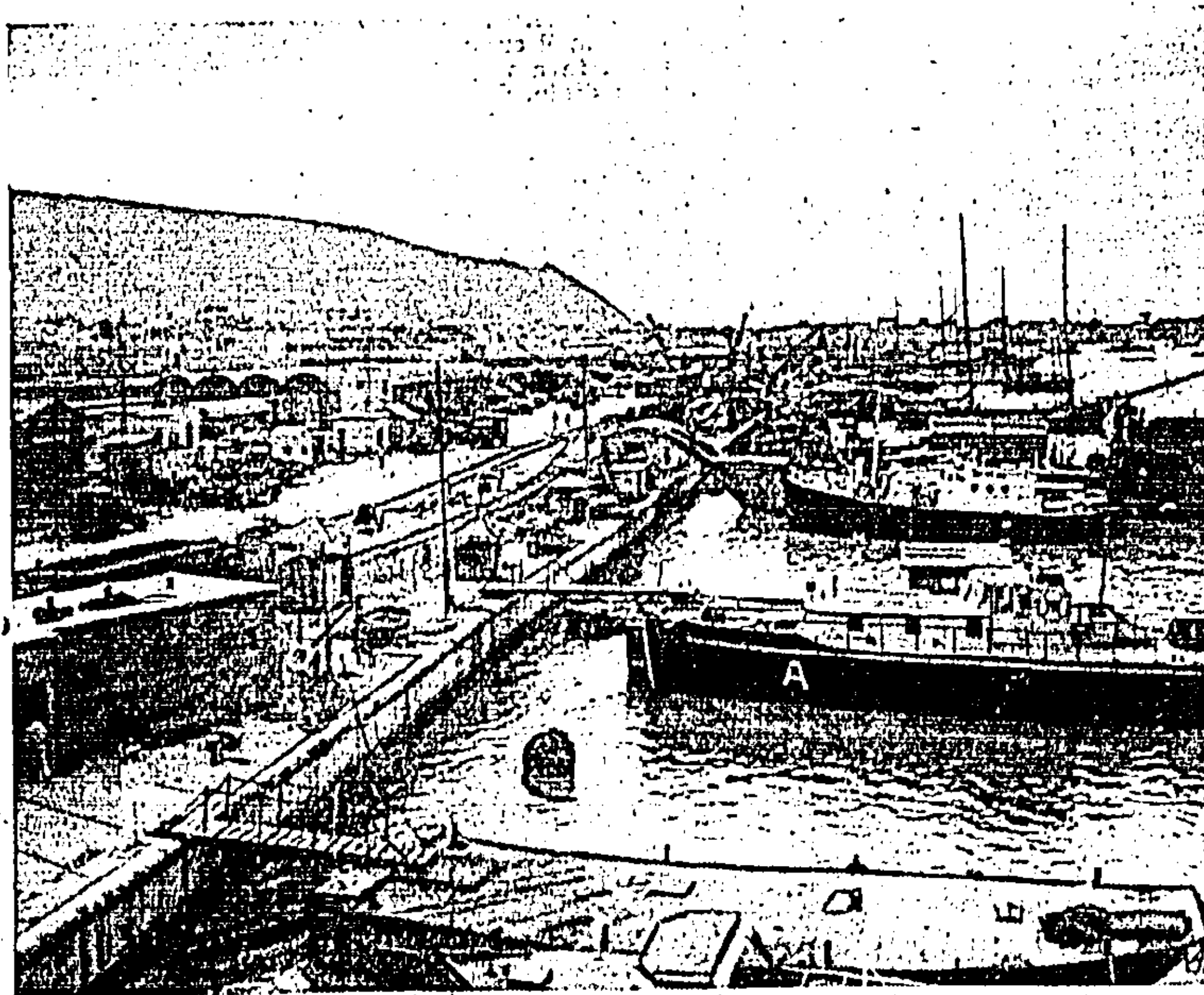
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HAIFA HARBOUR—A view of port facilities at Haifa, Palestine seaport now under the administration of the Israeli Government.

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THE FAMOUS EX-DEAN READS MR CHURCHILL'S BOOK AND ASKS THE CONTROVERSIAL QUESTION—

NEED WE HAVE GONE TO WAR IN 1939?

by . . . Dr. W.R. INGE

MR CHURCHILL'S reputation as a great war minister is secure. As an historian he will rank as a worthy successor of Gibbon, Carlyle and Macaulay. Clio is a Muse, as Trevelyan has maintained.

History, till lately, has been part of our national literature, written by persons moving in the world of letters, some of whom did much to mould the thought of their time. Now we are sometimes told that history is a "science" for specialists, "literature" is for the common reader of books. Mr Churchill's books are literature, and all the better histories for being so.

What is not so certain is whether we were obliged to go to war in 1939. The first volume of Mr Churchill's great book, which he calls "The Gathering Storm," deals with this question, and his defence of his policy will not convince everybody. Personally, as an ignorant onlooker, I have always thought that we might have kept out of it, and if I am right, our intervention was a terrible blunder, for though we won the war we are, as a Great Power, down and out, bankrupt and crippled.

We have made our worst enemy supreme in two continents, and they are threatening us with a "cold war" in every country from Malaya to Greece. Some fear that the war may not always be cold.

Curiously Honest

CAN my readers guess, where the following quotation comes from? "The British nation can be counted on to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed, and all this even though the actual military equipment at hand may be utterly inadequate when compared with that of other nations."

The words are from the Nazi bible, "Mein Kampf," by Adolf Hitler. Hitler's book should be read, if possible, in the unexpurgated edition. Hitler was a shameless liar, but Mein Kampf seems to me a curiously honest book.

He prided himself on being a disciple of Machiavelli, but he lays all his cards on the table. Germany is to expand not on the west, but on the east. The little Baltic States, then part of Russia, Russian Poland, and the Ukraine are to be annexed. Russia is to be pushed out of peninsular Europe.

At times, though not in "Mein Kampf," Hitler indulged in still wider ambitions at the expense of Russia. One war and one only was inevitable, a war to decide the old quarrel between the Teuton and the Slav.

Now Or Never

RAUSCHNING'S "Makers of Destruction" (1924) shows that some farsighted Germans realised that it was now or never for Germany.

"Russia is already the greatest military power in Europe. In another 10 or 20 years there will no longer be any possibility left of resisting a vast Asiatic wave of conquest."

Bolshevism would become the cover for a new aggressive nationalism.

"The dangers threatening from Russia in every field are mortal. Germany, we may remember, has no natural frontier in the east."

John Gunther, in his well-informed book, "Inside Europe" (1940), says: "Friendship with England is essential to Hitler; no active policy is possible without English friendship or neutrality. His enmity to Soviet Russia is inextinguishable."

Captain Liddell Hart, in his conversations with German generals, learns that Hitler actually allowed our expeditionary force to escape from Dunkirk because he did not wish to destroy our country. This may or may not be true.

Lastly, in this book, page 223, there is a conversation between Mr Churchill and Ribbentrop. "Britain must give Germany a free hand in the east of Europe. She must have her living space for her increasing population. Poland and the Danzig corridor must be absorbed. White Russia and the Ukraine are indispensable. All that is asked of the British Commonwealth is not to interfere." To this Mr Churchill replied that the British Government would not agree to give Germany a free hand in eastern Europe. Ribbentrop replied, "In that case war is inevitable."

The case seems quite clear. We went to war because the Germans wished to recover lost territories and to make further annexations in the east of Europe. Was that our business or was it not?

The attack on Poland was the last of a series of German aggressions. As soon as the Germans recovered their confidence and consciousness of strength, they wished to recover the provinces of which they had been deprived in 1919. We should have done the same.

Birch And Truncheon

THE censures of Neville Chamberlain for his policy of "appeasement" seem to me quite unreasonable. They come with particularly bad grace from the Left Wing, for if we were quite unprepared for war, that was partly because the Labour Party had persistently opposed every attempt to make us ready.

We could not have helped the Czechs. The French did not want war; the Americans would not have helped us. It is doubtful if our Dominions would have done so. Chamberlain accepted the word of a man who proved to be a liar. Could he have done otherwise?

The rape of Bohemia was certainly inexcusable; but that country had a pact with France, and after the absorption of German Austria, for which there was much to be said, the Czech country projected like a dangerous salient into the heart of Germany. As for Poland, the immediate cause of war, that country must always be at the mercy of either Germany or Russia or of both acting together.

A more unfortunate choice for an ultimatum could not have been made. In the last century Palmerston made himself very popular at home by cheerfully insulting one foreign country after another. In those days we could get away with it, though Palmerston's knight errantry was generally confined to bluster. But now we cannot.

Our uncontented command of the sea was acquiesced in on two written conditions. We were to keep our army too small to threaten any

Continental power, and we were to leave our doors open to foreign trade. Now, as Aldous Huxley says, our command of the sea has been lost, and our doors are closed. We invite the world's hostility at the moment when we are not in a position to defy it.

By repealing the corn laws we ensured the ultimate ruin of our agriculture. We allowed our population to grow far beyond our ability to grow food for our people.

Our fate, if we are ever beaten in a great war, is a thing that does not bear thinking of. We are not in a position to act as the school-master and policeman of the Continent though we are very fond of doing so. The birch and the truncheon are not in our hands.

Atlantic Period

ABOUT 400 years ago the discovery of America and the circumnavigation of Africa began what we may call the Atlantic period of history.

The nations bordering on the Atlantic became successively the leading Powers of the world. The sixteenth century belonged to Spain, the eighteenth to France, the nineteenth to Great Britain. That period has now come to an end. Eastward, not westward as Bishop Berkeley said, the course of empire takes its way. The future belongs to nations with a much larger area.

There are in fact only two Great Powers in the world, Russia and the United States. We must recognise that we are no longer in our former position. As a people we may have a great future, just as Spain may have a great future in Latin America; but we must renounce power-politics, which necessarily means renouncing power in politics.

In my opinion, we must reduce our swollen population to a much lower figure. This is not pessimism. All the great things have been done by small nations. Palestine is about as large as Wales, Attica, as an English county. Elizabethan England was not yet even Great Britain. The Italian cities of the Renaissance resembled the little Greek States. The Germany of Kant, Goethe and Schiller was cut up like a jig-saw puzzle. The cult of large numbers is vulgar and stupid.

The Future

THE future is perhaps mercifully hidden from us. It may be that an historian on Venus may one day write: "On a planet between us and Mars one of the larger apes established, for several thousand years, a complete ascendancy over other animals."

"They used their power to deface the surface of a picturesque globe, and to exterminate other species

more useful and beautiful than themselves. At last they made chemical discoveries which enabled them to commit mutual suicide."

"Our theologians often argue that the extinction of this noxious species is a strong proof of the providential government of the universe." On the other hand we are reminded that a few time-honoured customs have already been abolished. We no longer eat our enemies or offer them in sacrifice to our gods. We no longer examine witnesses on the rack or burn those who wish to go to a different church. War is clearly the next abomination to go, and may there not be limits even to human foolishness?

Moral Debasement

TO return to Mr Churchill's book. There will always be many who will think that we did right to destroy a government which was perpetrating hideous atrocities. The moral debasement of one of the chief European nations was an infinitely sad spectacle. Some have thought that we are seeing the putrefaction of western civilisation as a whole. In the eighteenth century Europe was uncontestedly growing more humane. War especially was conducted with some regard for civility. Now the worst exploits of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane have been surpassed.

But the recrudescence of cruelty has not been universal. It has been mainly confined to three nations, Germany, Spain and Russia.

The two last were engaged in civil war, which is always cruel, and those who have travelled in Germany, and who know what its people have done for civilisation, cannot believe that they have a double dose of original sin.

The Russians, too, are liked by those who know them. The body politic generates anti-toxins as well as toxins. If we escape a third world war, Europe may yet recover.

Great Patriot

WE need never be ashamed of going to war in a good cause, knowing that we had nothing to gain and everything to lose. In the event we have lost nearly everything—our wealth, our empire, and perhaps our freedom.

But whether we think Mr Churchill's policy right or wrong, our country has never known a truer patriot. The great Duke of Marlborough would be proud of his descendant. His defence of his policy will be studied all over the world.

Right or wrong, it was a generous policy, worthy of a nation which has always believed that the moral law applies to governments as well as to individuals.

IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT

BY ERNEST THURTELL, M.P.

EUROPEAN unity receives a boost by the decision of the French Council of Ministers to support the creation of a European Assembly. Where does our Government stand on this matter? Perhaps Mr Bevin will now let us know. I think he should.

Fear, or the desire for self-preservation, may be behind this European getting together idea. But what of that?

It was this selfsame motive which impelled primitive man to live in communities with his fellows.

And there is still strength in unity.

DONALD BRUCE, the tall, lean-looking Labour M.P. for North Portsmouth, takes his politics seriously, and it will not be his fault if he fails to become a figure at Westminster.

He has an aggressive chin, which does not belie his nature. Moreover, since he is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr Aneurin Bevan, he has an excellent mentor for hard-hitting politics.

A praiseworthy chartered accountant, now 36 years old, Bruce reckons to know a lot about figures, and it is mainly on economic matters that he lays down the law.

NEVERTHELESS, it has not yet been firmly established that industry and earnestness make success certain, otherwise I would prophesy a good political future for Donald. As it is I merely tender him my good wishes, knowing that, if by chance this Bruce is defeated at the next election he will need no spider to spur him on to fresh effort.

AIR-COMMODORE HARVEY, Conservative M.P. for Macclesfield, is, I suppose, the possessor of the highest R.A.F. rank in the Commons.

He is an industrious parliamentarian. When he asks questions or makes speeches he seems to betray the suspicion of an air of command. This must, I suppose, be put down to the fact that, apart from his war service, he was for many years a regular Air Force officer.

Clarity and directness tend to stamp his contributions to debate, and it is to his credit that most of these are of a constructive character.

THE air commodore is knowledgeable about the Far East, where for some time he ran a commercial aviation company, and was adviser to the Southern Chinese Air Forces. Still only just on the wrong side of 40, Harvey might well look forward to office if his party got back to power.

As to this possibility, my readers' guesses are as good as mine.

A NATURAL phenomenon finds its parallel in politics.

I refer to the similarity between one-time flourishing seaports left high and dry by tidal changes, and Liberal politicians, who once enjoyed great prospects, now cut off from hope of power by changed political currents.

Striking example of a victim of such change is Clement Davies, gifted, highly respected, and popular leader of the Parliamentary Liberals.

Far more capable than many Ministers, office has never yet been his, nor is it now likely to be.

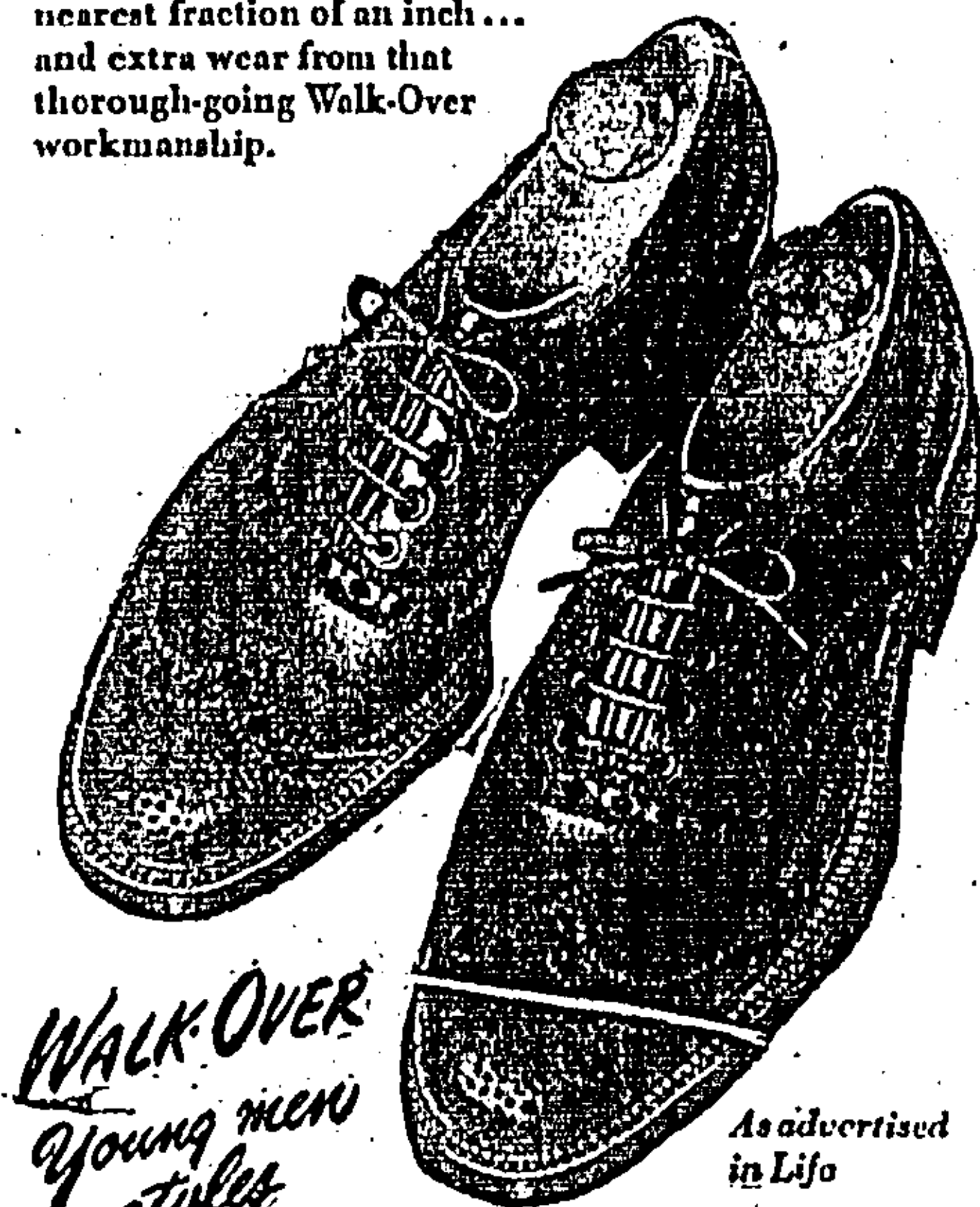
TIME was at the formation of the Churchill Coalition, when it was expected that he would be offered a post, for he played quite a part in helping to bring down the Chamberlain Government. But the call never came.

Smaller men would have become embittered by such disappointment. Clem Davies has not.

He bears the buffets of fortune with genial fortitude, and remains as ardent in his political faith as ever.

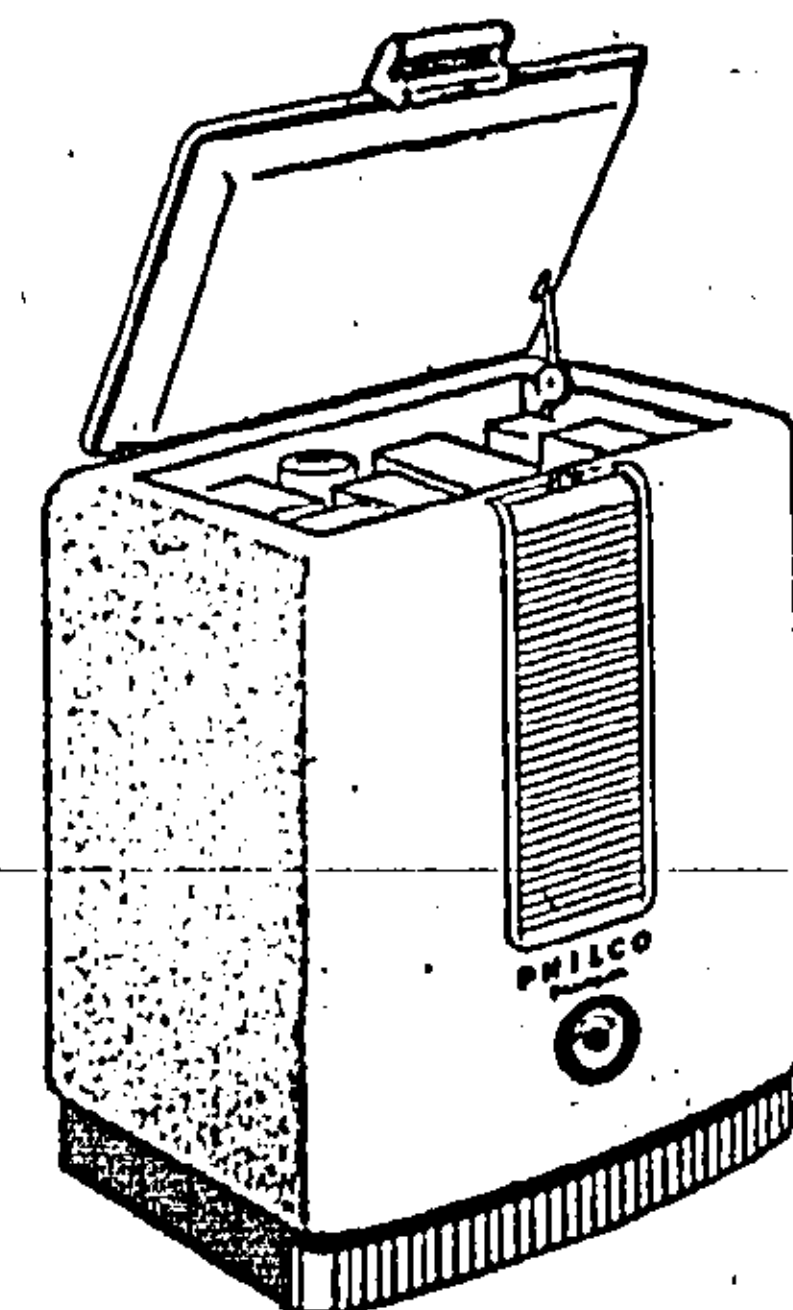
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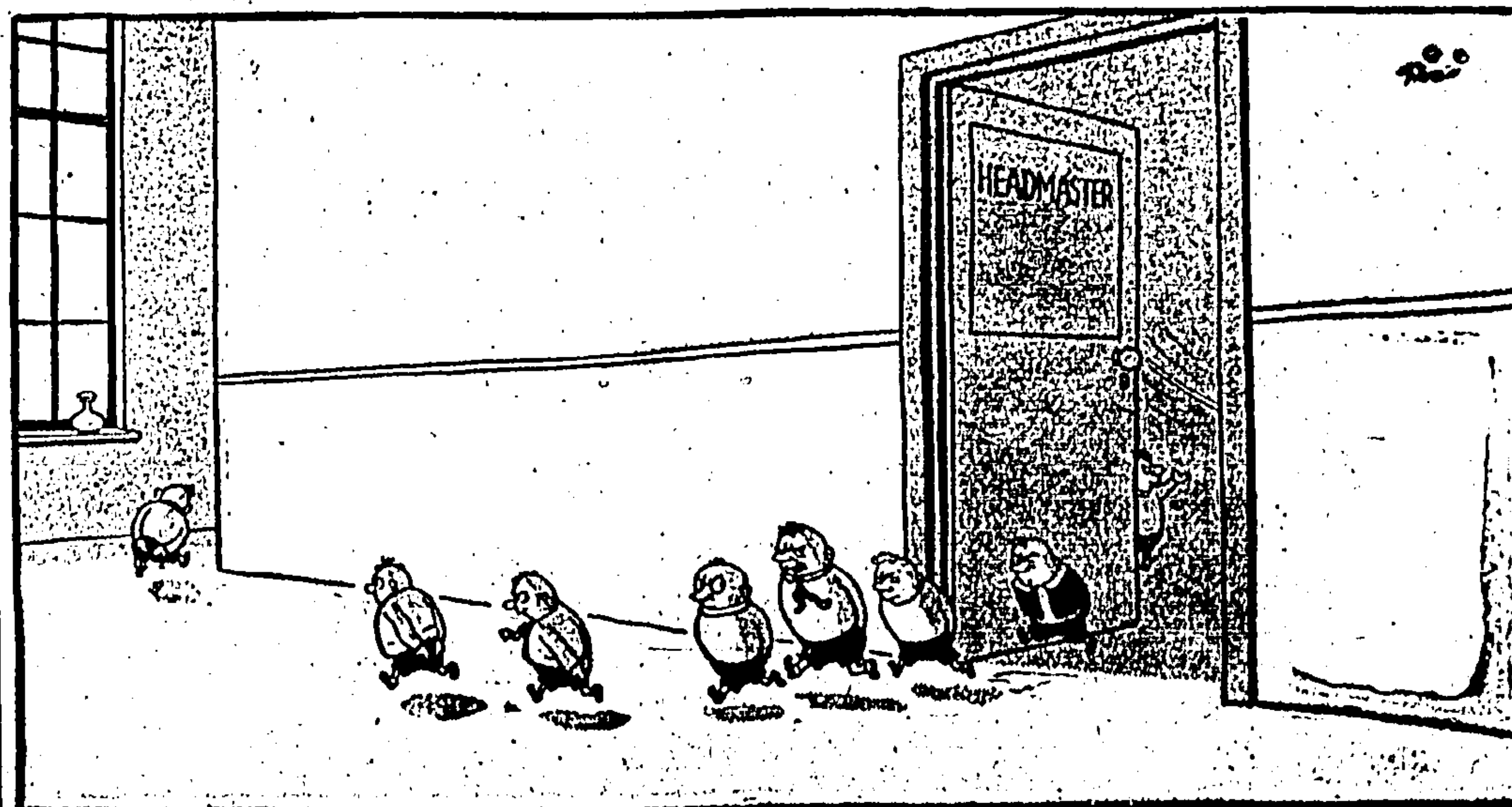
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SEE TEE'S SERIES ON

The Laws Of Association Football

10.—THE OFFSIDE LAW

When a player plays the ball, by kicking it, heading it on its way, etc., any player of his own side, who is nearer to his opponents' goal-line is offside, unless he has two opponents between him and the goal-line or he is within his own half of the field.

He is also exempt from being offside when the player with the ball is taking a corner-kick, goal-kick, or a throw-in.

There is very little more than that to the all-important offside law, yet it is an absolutely sure agent that only a very small percentage of players understand it, and a still smaller proportion of the football crowd.

AT THE MOMENT

The crux of the law is the position of the players of both sides AT THE MOMENT THE BALL IS PLAYED. What happens after that does not affect the question of whether or not a player is offside; the only thing that has to be taken into account after the ball is played, that is, while it is travelling along the ground or through the air, is whether the player who is offside in any way interferes with the play or seeks to gain advantage from his offside position.

This question as to whether he should be penalized is left entirely to the Referee; he is the sole judge.

Usually, however, there is very little doubt of a player being in an offside position. If a forward is lying well upfield all he has to do to ensure that he is onside is to keep two opponents between him and the goal-line.

Remember, the goal-line stretches from corner-flag to corner-flag and the goal-keeper is usually one of the two opponents prescribed by the law. Should the goalkeeper leave his goal, however, the "two opponents" proviso applies to any other two members of the side.

FALLACIES

The old fallacy still persists among a lot of forwards that if they lie alongside the second opponent they are safe. Yet it is very obvious that if the defender is in line with him he is not nearer to the goal-line.

Another popular fallacy which persists is that whereby a full-back, who moves upfield AFTER the ball is kicked, thinks he puts a forward offside.

How often has one seen a defender doing this and, at the same time, appealing to the Referee? If some of these players were to read Law 12 they would notice that the words "at the moment the ball is played" are printed in distinctive type.

"RIGHT!"

The player who gains or seeks to gain an unfair advantage over opponents by such artifices as suddenly shouting "Right!" (or something equally deceitful) as an opponent is about to play the ball is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct.

If such practices became a regular feature of football it would mean that there would be less thought and energy directed towards playing the game, and more to trickery and cajolery.

Last week's soccer law problem dealt with an incident in which a forward misled a defender into letting the ball pass simply by shouting "Right!". The defender was under the impression that one of his team-mates (most likely the goal-keeper) was better placed than he and waiting to take the ball.

Law 12 authorizes the award of an indirect free-kick for ungentlemanly conduct, which is the proper award in the instance referred to.

THIS WEEK'S POSER

Here is this week's problem. When a forward stands right on his opponents' goal-line, just outside the penalty area, the ball strikes the goal-post, from which it rebounds to the forward who is standing on the goal-line. The goal-keeper does not touch it.

Should the Referee take any action when the forward moves to play the ball?

NEW OLYMPIC IDEA

ENGLISH-SPEAKING NATIONS MAY HAVE OWN "GAMES"

(By Archie Quick)

The Olympic Flame has died and apart from the boxing squabbles, the Games have gone through with a serene calm but because of these fistic troubles there may be very serious repercussions in the future.

I have told you of the possibility of Great Britain withdrawing from this section in the near future. Well, there is now a proposal from America that there shall be English-speaking Games.

It comes from Mel Patton, the fastest man on earth and he vouches it quite casually before a group of American officials the other day.

They thought so much of it that it is down on the agenda of the next annual meeting of the American Athletic Union. Mr. Dan Ferris, Secretary, will sponsor it.

Patton says: "Let the rest of the foreigners haggle over the decisions. What we want is a grand sporting contest between the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies etc. It could be a very great success."

Mr. Ferris told me before his departure for the Continent that the

hospitality, sporting attitude and organisation of the British has left the American open-mouthed.

A report from Budapest states that Hungarian officials say their boxers won decisions only in an atmosphere of London hostility. That is so much balderdash.

When their railway worker, Papp, beat our sailor, Johnny Wright, in the final that we badly wanted to win, no one could have been given more unstinted applause.

How could verdicts be biased when they were given by three neutral judges. After all, the Hungarians did get two awards out of eight. I see nothing for them to grumble at.

SPORTS FEATURES

HUNGARIA'S BRIEF INTERLUDE



When Judges of the Olympic 400 metres relay race disqualified the United States team for illegal passing, a round dozen men were presented with the wrong medals.

Here they are in the moment of glory. Some 48 hours later, when films of the race had been studied, the American team were to get their gold medals after all.

Eight of the sprinters in this picture did get a medal, the four Hungarians on the right falling out of the picture. An unhappy moment for, against one of the finest sprint relay fields in Olympic history, it was quite a job even coming in fourth.

Final County Cricket Standings

	P	W	L	D	No Dec	1st Inn	2nd Inn	Pts
Glamorgan (9)	26	13	5	6	2	1	3	172
Surrey (6)	26	13	9	4	0	1	3	169
Middlesex (1)	26	13	4	8	1	0	1	169
Yorkshire (8)	26	11	4	10	1	3	3	158
Lancashire (3)	26	8	2	15	1	0	14	152
Derbyshire (5)	26	11	6	7	2	0	4	148
Warwickshire (15)	26	9	7	8	2	1	5	132
Gloucester (2)	26	9	7	9	1	1	4	129
Hampshire (16)	26	9	8	8	1	2	1	129
Worcester (7)	26	6	8	11	1	1	7	104
Leicester (14)	26	6	11	8	1	1	5	98
Somerset (13)	26	5	14	6	1	4	4	92
Essex (11)	26	5	8	11*	2	2	4	90
Notts (12)	26	5	10	9*	2	1	3	82
Kent (4)	26	4	11	10	1	0	7	79
Sussex (10)	26	4	11	10	1	1	5	72
Northants (17)	26	3	9	14	0	1	3	52

*Figures in parentheses indicate final position in 1947 table. *Essex and Notts whose aggregate points were equal, each take six points for a win. Surrey scored eight points for a win on first innings in a one-day match.

FLAGS MARK THE SOCCER SPOTS

By JOHN MACADAM

Our initial peregrination of the new Soccer season took these faltering steps around Birmingham, West Bromwich, and Wolverhampton, and if anybody wants to see how down-to-earth Soccer people get on with the job, why, they could do worse than call on any of the three Midlands centres.

Of Harry Storer and his associates at Birmingham we spoke fulsomely last season. After a shabby First Division start, their team settled down to the gracious football that will surely make them one of the most attractive sides in the major competition.

In the trophy-crammed West Brom boardroom dominated by a bronze bust of the great Billy Bissett, newly appointed secretary Ephraim Smith, who worked in close harness with Fred Everiss for more than 40 years, talked of the club's continuity of the policy they worked out together in the light of the great Bissett tradition.

West Bromwich have six XI's and they will have more as and when the need for them arises.

They have colts and juveniles and juniors and all the rest of the grades up to the senior pros.

A huge, beflagged map on the wall shows the areas they are combing systematically so that they shouldn't lose a prospect.

Regular training places emphasis on the ball rather than on lapping and all the outworn houba that is stilling the classic game we gave to the world.

EAT TOGETHER

Players spend their time together, lunch together in the hostelry adjoining the ground; are moulded into a team all the season round rather than for a few days before Cup ties.

There was an odd angle on the change-over from cricket to Soccer in the boardroom as Horace Thursfield, director, prepared to cross the road to see his West Bromwich Dartmouth Cricket Club revise their cup for having won the Birmingham and District League in their 17th year.

Dartmouth are 11 times champions and have taken the title six times and been runners-up twice in the past eight years.

With him was no other than Alf Gover, ex-England and Surrey, who has taken 89 wickets to date for the club, and "I wish I'd known about this kind of cricket sooner," says Alf, who travels to the Midlands between spells in the cricket school he conducts in the south with Andy Sandham.

At Wolverhampton Stanley Cullis, fully launched at last on his career as a manager, was as nervous as a filly on Oaks Day.

DOING IT WELL

It will be a testing few months for one of the greatest centre halves of all time, for he is going to find out that running a team is not all a matter of getting out there with the boys on training days—although he is doing plenty of that, and, according to shrewd local judges, doing it effectively and tactfully.

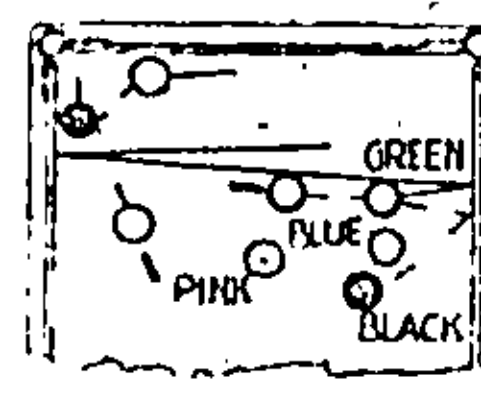
Whatever happens with all the book-work that beleaguers a modern manager, he seems to have little to fear in the playing sense.

Wolves have the same old Buckley-dictated dash, and in Billy Wright one of the most thoughtful players in the game today; one who is dominating the Wolves' tactics as surely as Cullis himself did on the field.

Historical note: Observing that the caged Throstle had disappeared from the West Brom stand, we found from director Norman Bissett that they have eliminated the singing tallman on humanitarian grounds. Instead, they have been adopted as a mascot by a small black cat.

Arthur Peall says:

Stricker could score by cutting of screen, the ball on, into the right pocket. The risk of simultaneous contact with blue is too great in this stroke.



This is a fairly safe shot. Many games are lost in attempting to score when safety play is good enough. Left diagram shows a slow, half-ball kick cannon, sure of a pretty top of the table leave, if played well. Common fault is to play too hard, ruining any prospect of a break.

Don't fail

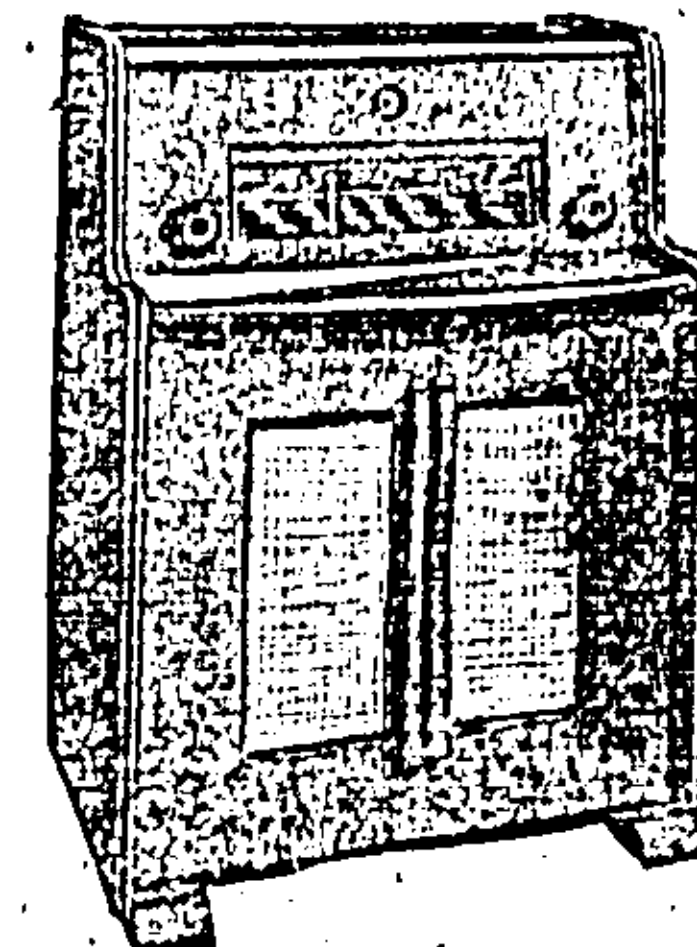
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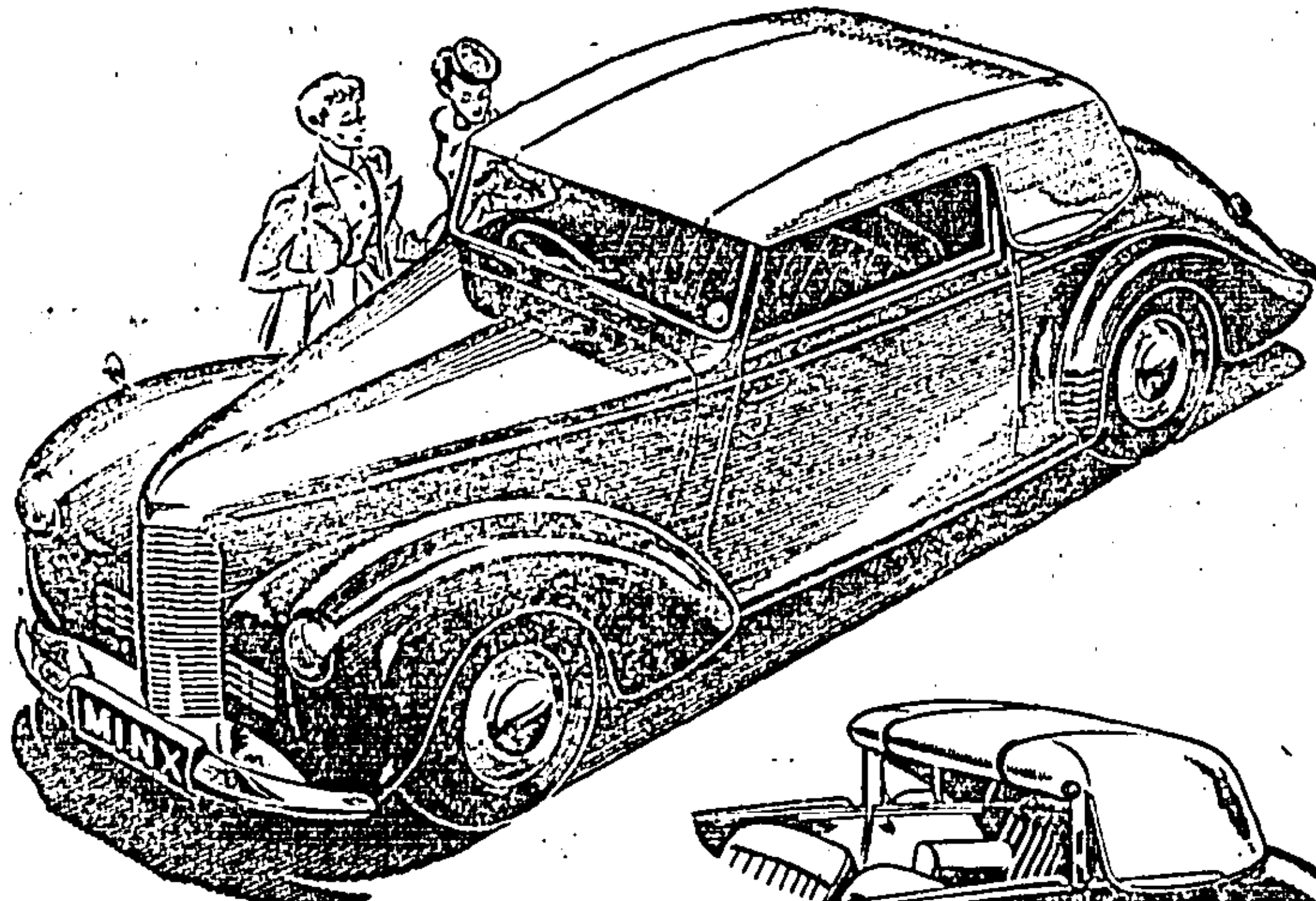


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RECORD REVIEW

Sparkling hands

TWO new records that will have a wide appeal are made by women.

Lito's Scherzo, from his Concerto Symphonique, is played by Moura Lympany, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Walter Susskind. The balance and recording are first rate, and Moura Lympany has a lightness of touch that makes the piano sparkle. (HMV C 3763.)

The second record is almost a family affair: it presents Lily Pons with an orchestral accompaniment conducted by her husband, Andre Kostelnetz. She sings Voices of Spring by Johann Strauss, and though it occupies two sides of a 12 inch record it is worth every groove. (Columbia LK 1097.)

HE IS SMOOTH

The rather slender selection of songs by bass singers has been augmented this month by a recording from New Zealand-born Oscar Natzka. He is accompanied by Hubert Greenhalgh in Cranville by Johann Strauss, and with Harry Morgan, and with Allen Ford playing the cello obbligato, a version of Massenet's Eliege. The smoothness and clarity of Natzka's voice are a joy. (Columbia DB 2420.)

SINATRA AGAIN

But Beautiful, from the Hope-Crosby picture, Road to Rio, is sung to an accompaniment from Axel Stordahl and his orchestra by Frank Sinatra, who backs the record with My Cousin Louella. The accompaniment to this last number is given no credit—a pity, because it is imaginative and stylish. (Columbia DB 2423.)

A dance band record to hear is made by Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra playing Dance, Ballerina, Dance, and Ma-ha-lani-papa-doo. This is the best version of the Ballerina number to date. (HMV BD 1208.)

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON reviews the new books

The light-hearted murderess

SOONER or later you will read "THE IDES OF MARCH," Thornton Wilder's new novel (Longman's Green, 9/6).

You will read it because it has a quality which soars above the superficial obstacles to popularity. That is to say, you will read it because its grace, its tenderness, its wisdom, its wit triumph over a somewhat unconventional method of presentation.

Here is a novel which has an extraordinary bitter-sweet flavour, the product of deep feeling, the outcome of practised art.

"The Ides of March" is no simple tale. It is a book for grown-ups. Its themes are those that interest adults.

Love, Politics, Power. The mystery of personality. Happiness. Human genius.

"The Ides of March" is an historical story and it is the most modern novel in the world.

It is laid in Ancient Rome, and it might just as well be laid in the capital of any twentieth century dictatorship, or semi-dictatorship.

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THORNTON WILDER—born in Wisconsin, grew up in China. His father was U.S. Consul-General in Hongkong.

very bad teacher. For he assumes that everyone is vibrant with moral life. Cleopatra is therefore one of his failures.

"She is lying, intriguing, intemperate and a light-hearted murderess."

Cesar adds that she is "too wise to be gratified by vanity, too strong to be content with ruling."

A SECONDARY theme in the story is the poignant, finally fatal love of the poet Catullus for Clodia, a lady of the highest fashion and the basest life.

Clodia, the most reckless society woman who ever disgraced herself

with a gladiator, is revealed, at last, as the most pathetic as well as the most reprehensible of her sex.

Life has used her shamefully. She revenges herself on life.

"Hated in self-hatred, Clodia is locked with Clodia in eternal loathing," Caesar alone she respects, while plotting against him.

Above all, "The Ides of March" is concerned with the Ides of March, with the plot against the Dictator, which is no sooner stamped out in one place than it flares up in another, and which, in the end, strikes down the greatest of the Romans in the name of the Republic which is, in fact, already dead.

It is dead, not because Caesar has stifled it, nor because the spirit of freedom is dead among the Roman people, but because Rome has burst not only the geographical but also the political bounds of the city republic. It has become a world empire demanding an emperor.

These momentous and inspiring themes, these actors of such complexity, are presented on this stage in a series of personal declarations. There are letters, diary extracts, memoranda from official files, and so forth.

They vary in style and content from the love letters of Catullus to the writings of Caesar. Catullus is full of the most tormented pathos, plaintive with reproach and denunciation.

"I will never feel pity for you, this horror has no room for pity. Some great intention for the world's enlightenment stirred in you and was poisoned at the source."

He discloses a debonaire style. He condescends to wit. He even takes the trouble to pump life and individuality into his characters. In short, he treats his audience as if they were intelligent human beings and not a species of literate bloodhound snuffing their way from clue to clue over a desert of bad prose.

For your true detective story enthusiast the advent of Mr. Murray will bring no particular cause of joy. "Yes," they will say, "pulling out their horrible pipes, 'that is all very well. But at what point did you guess who had done it?'"

In the case of one reviewer, the answer is—on page seven. A fluke, no doubt. But it is one of the endearing things about Mr. Murray that he has underrated the deductive power of this reader.

Experience may make him more cautious. Let us hope that it will not dilute the high spirits of an admirable newcomer to detective fiction.

For Miss Pewsey has indulged ideas of fun which are rarely found in detective fiction. She has unearthed inconvenient secrets about her neighbors, and has then sent them letters threatening exposure.

So when some unknown benefactors ups and hits Miss Pewsey over the head with a blunt instrument while she is sitting at the spinning wheel and at the very moment when she has reached the top note of an old folk song, there is nothing but rejoicing in the village of Inchin Round.

A fair number of its inhabitants possess substantial motives either for committing the crime or for wishing the criminal well.

And it is Max Murray's job to take his readers on a paper chase after the murderer. That is so; Mr. Murray has written a detective story. And what, pray, is so exciting about that?

ADMIRABLE NEWCOMER TO DETECTIVE FICTION

NOBODY can feel much sorrow over the death of Angela Mason Pewsey. Max Murray, author of THE VOICE OF THE CORPSE (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), does not even pretend to feel any.

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with a gladiator, is revealed, at last, as the most pathetic as well as the most reprehensible of her sex.

Life has used her shamefully. She revenges herself on life.

"Hated in self-hatred, Clodia is locked with Clodia in eternal loathing," Caesar alone she respects, while plotting against him.

Above all, "The Ides of March" is concerned with the Ides of March, with the plot against the Dictator, which is no sooner stamped out in one place than it flares up in another, and which, in the end, strikes down the greatest of the Romans in the name of the Republic which is, in fact, already dead.

It is dead, not because Caesar has stifled it, nor because the spirit of freedom is dead among the Roman people, but because Rome has burst not only the geographical but also the political bounds of the city republic. It has become a world empire demanding an emperor.

These momentous and inspiring themes, these actors of such complexity, are presented on this stage in a series of personal declarations. There are letters, diary extracts, memoranda from official files, and so forth.

They vary in style and content from the love letters of Catullus to the writings of Caesar. Catullus is full of the most tormented pathos, plaintive with reproach and denunciation.

"I will never feel pity for you, this horror has no room for pity. Some great intention for the world's enlightenment stirred in you and was poisoned at the source."

He discloses a debonaire style. He condescends to wit. He even takes the trouble to pump life and individuality into his characters. In short, he treats his audience as if they were intelligent human beings and not a species of literate bloodhound snuffing their way from clue to clue over a desert of bad prose.

For your true detective story enthusiast the advent of Mr. Murray will bring no particular cause of joy. "Yes," they will say, "pulling out their horrible pipes, 'that is all very well. But at what point did you guess who had done it?'"

In the case of one reviewer, the answer is—on page seven. A fluke, no doubt. But it is one of the endearing things about Mr. Murray that he has underrated the deductive power of this reader.

Experience may make him more cautious. Let us hope that it will not dilute the high spirits of an admirable newcomer to detective fiction.

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As for Caesar, his letters have the restlessness and the acuteness of genius. His judgments have an amazing pregnancy. Here—it is the triumph of the book—is no simple "man of action," with the limitations of that type. Here is one full of self-questioning, of deep insight, of regrets, even of disgust.

This is a Caesar who is indeed magnetic, about whom already the legends are gathering, like vultures. Or, if it is not Caesar himself, it is one both profound enough and practical enough to convince us that he could be Caesar.

Wilder's Cleopatra might likewise be that eminent female politician and energetic enchantress. And this fragile lover—could he not have written the poems of Catullus?

There are also a score of lesser figures. Marc Antony, "for ever 10" Rome's West End playboy, who publicly insults Cleopatra because he has fallen in love with her. How exquisite in its melancholy the letter in which his mistress, the noble Cythra, describes the incident.

"In the litter, Marc Antony laid his head against my ear, robbing and repeating my name a hundred times. There could be no clearer farewell."

And Caesar's silly wife Pompeia, how well she gives herself away in her rushing letters to Clodia, of whom she is enamoured.

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FULL-PAGE FEATURE EVERY SATURDAY

BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE

SPORTS • STORIES • PUZZLES • CRAFTS • GAMES • JOKES



QUICKSAND . . . BY I. R. HEGEL



On a log he saw Vallee Rae's blue sunbonnet.

JEFF MASTERS, bending above his berry baskets, saw the dark shadow spreading over the sun-painted cabin doorway. He turned, then smiled relievedly as he looked up at his tall father.

"Is there something you want, Pop?"

"Where's Chet?" the elder Masters demanded, raising his straw hat and mopping his head with his kerchief.

Jeff's thin face flushed beneath his freckles. "How should I know?" he countered sulkily.

"Chet is your cousin and our guest," his father reminded him.

"I wish Chet would clear out tomorrow," Jeff snapped. "He and his baggage and his air."

"Chet's gone rabbit hunting," his father explained. "He don't know this country nor the ways of it. You'd best be warnin' him about the quicksand at the crossin' o' the Ponoeran."

"Chet's too ornery to stick in quicksand," Jeff mumbled. "Besides, Pop, I promised Mr Tomplin I'd help him with berry pickin'."

"Tomplin won't mind if you're a few minutes late," said his father, replacing the broad-brimmed hat upon his head. "Get goin', boy."

"Oh, all right," Jeff shoved his baskets aside and rose, a skinny figure in his faded blue overalls and patched blue shirt.

LIGHTLY he swung off toward the woods. He disliked big Chet who had come to visit the Masters a week ago. Jeff was anxious to be off to the Tomplin farm where

years of life in the river country had taught Jeff every inch of this isolated section. As he moved surefootedly along the twisted paths he had trudged hundreds of times before, he thought of Vallee Rae and wondered why she had selected Chet after promising him.

It didn't matter, he told himself as quickly. Nothing mattered but their safety, here as well as Chet's. He moved faster in the direction of the sluggish muddy Ponoeran now visible through the shrubbery.

His patched shirt was clinging darkly to his thin shoulders. The perspiration stood out on his forehead and on his freckled nose. It was taking so long—so awfully long—he must have hiked two miles already.

AT last he reached the crossing, a long sandbar in the middle of the sluggish serpentine water. His eyes darted to the white clay shore that heralded the approach of the quicksand. His heart froze. On a log he saw Vallee Rae's blue sunbonnet.

"Vallee!" he yelled. He ran blindly into the thicket. "VALLEE!"

Then from the green wall of scrub trees, he heard a sob and Vallee's voice:

"Jeff!"

The 15-year-old boy pushed aside the tangled trailers and jumped nimbly across the short stretch of swampy ground. Where the trees parted, he found big Chet and little Vallee, her blue dress caked to her shivering form.

"You fell in the quicksand!" Jeff cried out. "I should have warned Chet—I saw him startin' along the path."

"Chet rescued me," Vallee Rae explained. "He said if I kept quiet, straightened my legs and stretched out my arms, I wouldn't sink any lower than my armpits because my body was lighter than sand and I would float. I did float until Chet found a log and pulled me out."

"Only a yokel is afraid of quicksand," Chet spoke up.

JEFF stepped back. But Vallee had risen and was running toward him.

"We were lost," she said, coming closer. "Chet told me you were going to meet us here and pick berries. When I didn't find you, I wanted to go home. Then we couldn't get our direction. I fell into the quicksand. All I could think of was that you'd come, that you'd follow. Oh, Jeff, I knew you would!"

"Very touching," said Chet, aiming a pebble at Jeff's head.

Jeff ducked and escaped it.

"Let's go home," he said to Vallee Rae.

He took light hold of her hand. Pop was right. Chet did not know the country or the ways of it.

But Vallee didn't know the country either. The disaster that nearly overtook Vallee seemed to Jeff to be punishment for not warning Chet.

"Next time, no matter how I dislike a person, I'll try to do the right thing," he told himself.

Safety Hint



DON'T LEAVE TOYS AT TOP OR AT BOTTOM OF STAIRS

POSERS?

IN this unbalanced menu you are to select the correct information from each group of items given. Six out of eight correct answers entitles you to a meal ticket (you pay the cost), and eight really takes the cake. The correct answers are on this page.

1. Mutton chops were once (a) cut from a ransom, (b) popular with young men, (c) eaten from a turntable.
2. The Upper Crust would be served at (a) banquet of the Four Hundred, (b) pie eating contest, (c) love feast.
3. Salad days occur in (a) youth, (b) middle age, (c) old age.
4. Oswego tea is most enjoyed by (a) bees, (b) Indians, (c) soda jerks.
5. The chef who gave us the cold shoulder was (a) discharged, (b) unsympathetic, (c) pie eyed.
6. Love apples grow in (a) truck gardens, (b) kindergartens, (c) the Garden of the Gods.
7. A puddingwife is well versed in the art of (a) making desserts, (b) swimming, (c) frivolity.
8. If you were given a soupcon, you should (a) carry it in your pocket, (b) report it to the police, (c) swallow it.

A GOOD CITIZEN

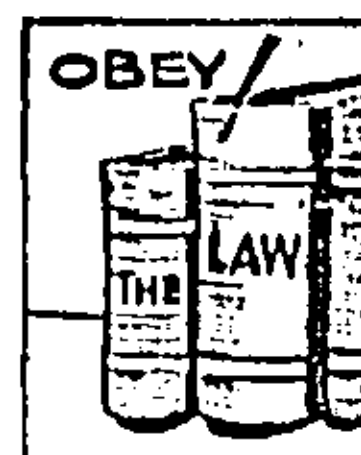
IN a democracy you, as a citizen, have rights and privileges. But because we do have more privileges, we also have more responsibilities.

Even if you are not old enough to vote there are many ways in which you can and should show that you are a good citizen. You can discuss questions of government, and learn why laws must be passed which will assure the greatest good for the greatest number.

You can prove that you value your citizen's privileges by obeying ALL laws, even when they seem unnecessary to you. There is a good reason behind even what looks unimportant, once you can see it in relation to the whole.

You can obey the regulation which instructs you to put waste in the bins provided for it and help to keep your city clean. You can obey EVERY traffic rule, whether you are walking, riding, or driving. Obey traffic signals as carefully as you would the law against burglary, and you will not only protect your own life but set an example in good citizenship.

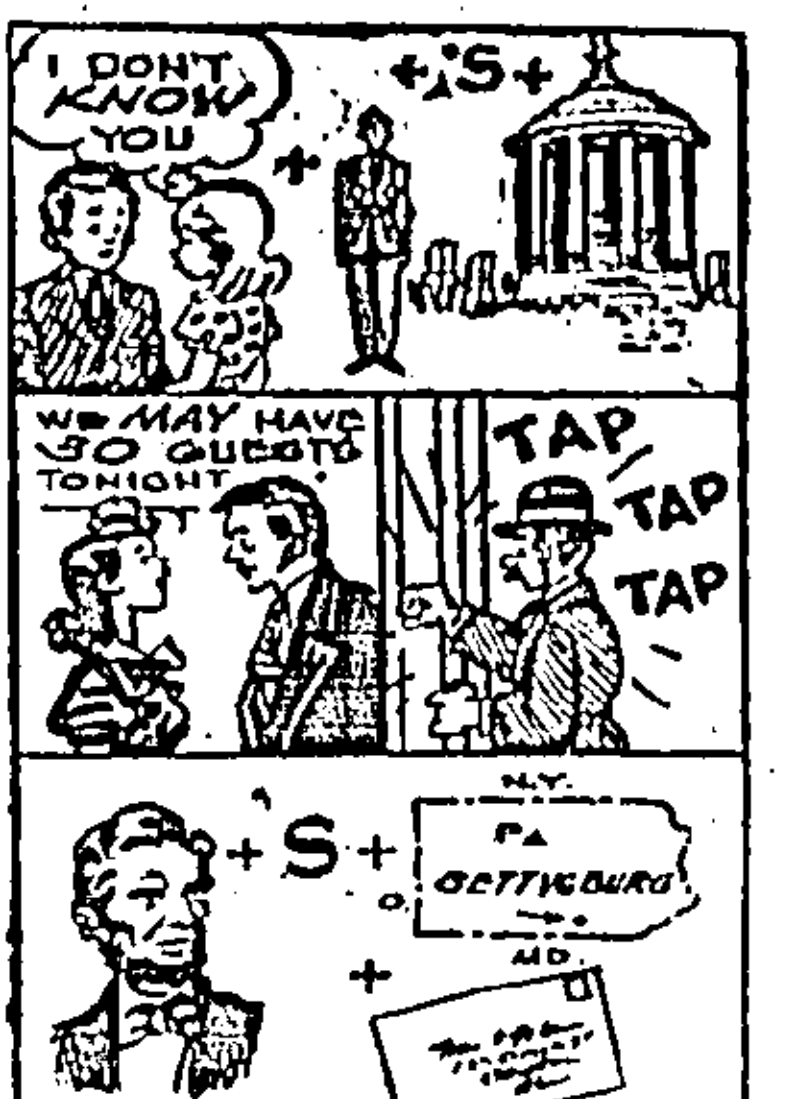
Be a good citizen now, and you will grow up orderly and law-abiding, ready to play your part in civic affairs because you realize it is your responsibility to be a GOOD citizen.



PUZZLES

REBUS

USE the words and pictures to uncover four facts about American Memorial Day.



WORD SQUARE

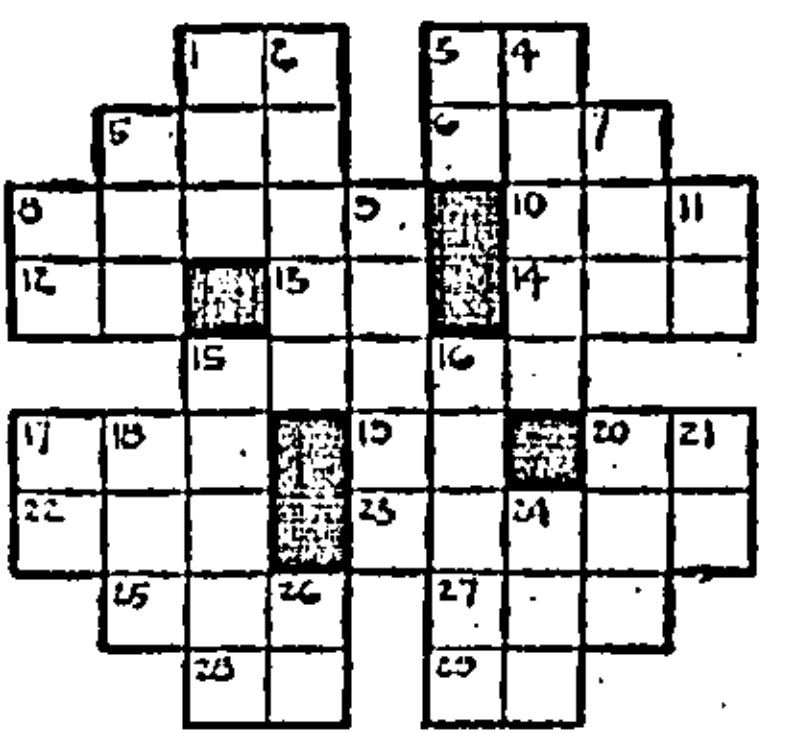
Rearrange the letters in each row of the diagram below to form a word, then rearrange the rows of words to form a word square.

R	O	N	E
R	E	R	S
V	O	E	L
E	R	V	E

ADD-A-LETTER

Add a letter to a word for an "admission card" and have a word meaning "forest," add another letter and have a word meaning "most dense."

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 District attorney (abbrev.)
- 3 Three-toed sloth
- 5 Domestic animal
- 6 Antelope
- 8 Soothsayers
- 10 Snake
- 12 Proposition
- 13 Exclamation
- 14 Fisherman's aid
- 15 Armistice
- 17 Insect
- 19 Universal language
- 20 Any
- 22 Before
- 23 Muse of poetry
- 25 Limb
- 27 American humorist
- 28 Compass point
- 29 Behold!

DOWN

- 1 Female deer
- 2 Concur
- 3 Symbol for silver
- 4 Trilling
- 5 Laid
- 7 Employ
- 8 Thus
- 9 Portion
- 11 Pini (abbrev.)
- 15 Equals
- 16 Sea skeleton
- 17 Exist
- 18 Age
- 20 Consumed
- 21 Negative reply
- 24 Bustle
- 26 Myself

General Tin Fights a Lion

— And the Lion Ends Up in the Zoo —

By MAX TRELL

"ONCE," said General Tin, the tin soldier, to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "I had a terrible fight with a lion. And," he added, lowering his voice a little, "the lion had a terrible fight with me."

Knarf and Hanid, who knew General Tin was a wonderful hunter and had hunted wild animals in forests and jungles all over the world, asked him to tell them more about this terrible fight he had with the lion, and the lion had with him.

"Well," said the General, "it happened in the jungle of Bo-Po-Moko, not far from the banks of Lake Zumbrella."

"Where's that?" Hanid interrupted to ask.



The lion roared at General Tin.

"Sun Came Out"

General Tin didn't bother to answer her. "It had been raining for a month or more. But finally the sun came out. It was a beautiful day. As I walked through the jungle of Bo-Po-Moko I heard the Looki-looki birds singing and the curly-tailed monkeys chattering, and the canaries twittering in their cages in the tree-tops."

"Were the canaries in their cages even in the jungle?" Knarf exclaimed in astonishment.

General Tin nodded. "They lived in cages, but they always kept the doors open except when they went to sleep. But the most beautiful sight of all was the blue-and-green. You've never seen such a colour!"

"What colour were they, General?" Hanid wanted to know.

"They were blue and green," said General Tin.

At this both Knarf and Hanid looked so surprised that General Tin decided it would be better to explain. "Bleen," he said, "is half-blue and half-green. I made up the word myself. It's quicker to say bleen than to say blue-and-green. And suddenly," he said in an excited voice, "there was the lion, right in front of me! He opened his mouth and let out such a roar that the whole jungle shook. Before I could get my musket off my shoulder he sprang at me!"

"What did you do?" Knarf and Hanid demanded.

"I knew," said General Tin, "that if I let him spring at me I was lost. So I sprang, too. We met in the middle of the air."

"In the middle of the air?"

"Like a hoop."

"Yes. No one would have believed it, but there we both were—the lion and I—right in the middle of the air! Then he held my feet in his paws, and I held his tail in my hands, and round and round we went, spinning like a hoop. We rolled all through the jungle . . . rolled over the fields and meadows and hills and valleys and mountains . . . rolling, rolling, rolling."

"And what happened?" asked Hanid.

"Finally we stopped rolling. And I glanced around to see where we were. To my surprise (and to the disappointment of the lion) we were right next to the entrance to the Zoo. So I took the lion inside, and put him in a cage. And there's where he is to this day. And that's the end of my story."

Knarf and Hanid thought it was a marvellous story. But it made them wonder whether it really could have happened. And the one thing that seemed most remarkable of all was the bleen coloured rabbit. No one had ever seen him before!

PUZZLE ANSWERS

REBUS: Unknown Soldier's Tomb; May 30; Taps; Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

WORD SQUARE:
LOVE
ONER
VEER
ERRS

ADD-A-LETTER:
Ticket, thicket, thickest.

CROSSWORD:



POSER ANSWERS

1-b (sidewalkers). 2-a (aristocrats). 3-a (inexperience). 4-a (a flower). 5-b. 6-a (tomatoes). 7-b (a fish). 8-c (a taste).

RED RYDER



Determined Men



By Fred Harman

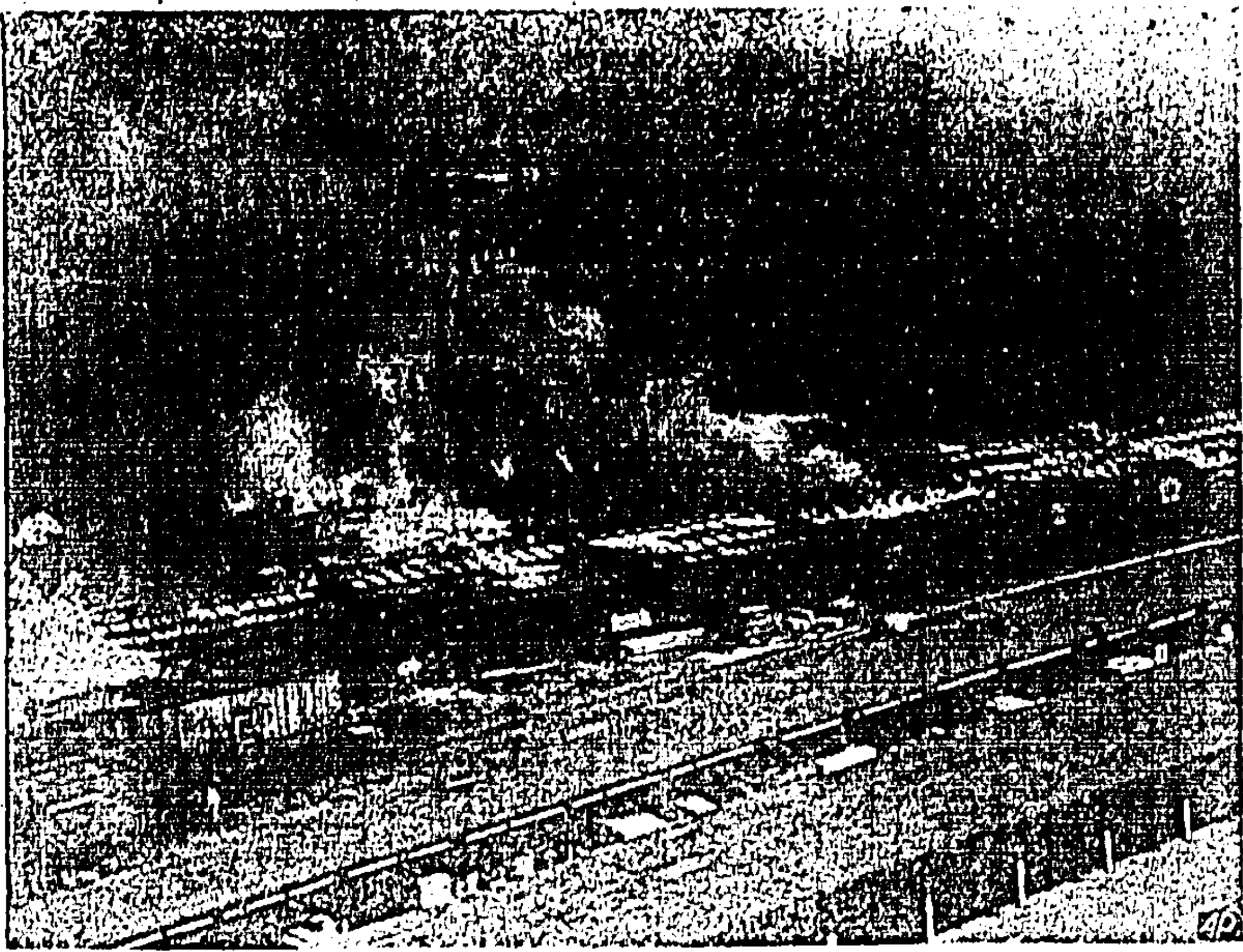


Rupert & Ting-Ling—30



Rupert runs on and on, and, to his dismay, Ting-Ling does not follow. "This is dreadful," he says. "I must find the Mandarin Li-poo and tell him what has happened." He soon discovers the way and clatters upward until he is quite out of breath. A large bird flaps round his head squawking, so he pauses to tell of the dragon, but the bird only screams louder as if trying to tell him something. "Oh, dear, he's talking Chinese, and I can't understand," pants Rupert. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Flames Sweep Montreal Freight Yards



A pall of smoke overhangs the blazing roofs of long lines of freight cars in the Canadian National Railways Bonaventure freight yards at Montreal during a fire, which followed a series of explosions. A quarter of a mile of cars and freight sheds were destroyed. Fire was called worst in Montreal in recent years. Two sheds and 130 freight cars and their contents were a total loss. — AP Picture.

ALL THE SPORTS NEWS of the Day

Von Nida Wins At Richmond

London, Sept. 3.—Norman Von Nida, the brilliant Australian professional, scored one of the greatest successes of his golfing career in storms of rain, thunder and lightning at the Royal Mid-Surrey course at Richmond today.

He twice went round the 6,045-yard course, rated at a scratch score of 75, in 66, which added to his opening rounds of 70 and 69 gave him victory in the Lotus £1,500 Professional Tournament with an aggregate of 271.

Seventeen of the 46 players broke 70 in the third round, at the end of which Nida shared the lead with Fred Daly, of Balmoral, each with 205. Nine men stood within two shots of one another, and it was the closest and most exciting tournament fight of the year.

While he had still to play the final nine holes, Von Nida knew that Dal Rees (South Herts) had marked up his second 66 of the day for a 273 aggregate.

He, himself, was left with the necessity of accomplishing the last

nine holes in 33 to win. With wonderful calm he set about this task and actually did the half in 32 for a great victory.

Rees was second, M. Fairlie (Mid-Surrey) was third with 275 and Daly fourth with 279.—Reuter.

AMATEUR FINAL

Memphis, Tennessee, Sept. 3. Ray H. Hovis of Poughkeepsie, New York,

and Willie Turner of Elmsford, New York, entered the finals of the National Amateur Golf Tournament today.

Hovis routed young Charley Cox of Oklahoma City 218 and five and Turner trounced Gene Dahlbender of Atlanta 218 and six.

The 36-hole final will be played at the Memphis Country Club tomorrow (Saturday).—United Press.

Light-Hearted Cricket At Hastings

Hastings, Sept. 3.—The match between the Australians and the South of England ended in a draw here today, the Australians dismissing South of England for 298 in their first innings in reply to their own first innings of 522 for seven declared.

Light-hearted cricket today provided good entertainment for the crowd, who braved a series of heavy showers, which often interrupted play. Bradman joined in the festivities by resting Lindwall and relying on Hassett, Harvey and Brown for his bowling in the closing stages.

The South batsmen responded by aggressive tactics. Compton leading the way in a brilliant display of 32, out of 116, in just under two hours.

He completed his 50 in the first over after lunch and then began hitting merrily, but after getting 82 in just over two hours, he lifted a catch into the deep field. He hit 11 fours.

Bailey fell to a catch at cover, making five men out for 214.

Rain again stopped play for a short time, and then Mann and Valentine made runs at a fair pace until the rain once more intervened.

After this delay, Brown took the ball and with his second delivery got Mann caught at cover off a skier. Valentine immediately followed to give Brown two wickets in his first over. Then Mallett went, caught at deep mid-on, but Griffith hit Brown over the crowd for six.

He and Perks gave very little trouble, however, and the innings closed for 298.

THE SCOREBOARD

The final scores were:
Australians: 522 for seven declared.

South of England:

Burnett c Hassett b Loxton	35
Edrich c Harvey b Johnston	52
Dogard c Tallon b Lindwall	8
Compton c Brown b McCool	82
Bailey c Lindwall b Harvey	25
Mann c Loxton b Brown	31
Valentine c Tallon b Brown	25
Griffith b McCool	11
Mallett c Harvey b Brown	1
Perks c Tallon b Brown	0
Cox not out	15
Cool Extras	18
Total	298

Bowling:

Lindwall	10	1	43	1
Johnston	10	1	43	1
Loxton	11	2	17	1
McCool	38	9	80	2
Hassett	3	0	7	0
Hussell	0	0	28	0
Harvey	0	2	15	1
Brown	4.1	0	16	4

YORKS v. MCC

Scarborough, Sept. 3.—Yorkshire drew with the MCC in their match which ended here today. Rain again greatly restricted play.

Louis Still Retired

London, Sept. 3.—Marshall Miles, manager of Joe Louis, world heavyweight champion, has replied to the London promoter, Jack Solomons' cable offering Louis a fight against Bruce Woodcock.

Miles says: "Have made no change in Louis's retirement. If there is any, I will contact you after the Omaha versus Woodcock fight."

Mr Solomons commented: "I regard this as very hopeful. If Bruce wins, Louis may after all consider fighting him in London."—Reuter.

Yachting

Madrid, Sept. 3.—Argentina today took the world championship for Snipe class sailing after four days of racing at Palma de Mallorca, in the Balearic Islands.

One more race is being held to establish the order of the remaining nations taking part.

The United States yacht, Twin Star, sailed by Lockwood Pirie and Harry Ruger, was leading with 67 points after three days racing for the Star class craft in Casals Bay.

Com II, sailed by D. Knowles and Sidno Farrington, present world champions from the Bahamas, ended the day joint 14th with 33 points.—Reuter.

WELTER FIGHT

Chicago, Sept. 3.—Luigi Valentini, the Italian welterweight, has been matched with Johnny Bratton, of Chicago, for a ten round bout opening the indoor boxing season at the Chicago Stadium on September 15.

The fight will be at ten stone six. Valentini has had three victories since his arrival five months ago. He was unable to box for several weeks because of a broken nose.—Reuter.

WORLD RECORD

Stockholm, Sept. 3.—Herbert McKenley, of Jamaica, bettered the world record of 33.2 seconds for the 300 metres when he covered the distance here tonight in 32.4 seconds. McKenley was running in the international contests at the Stockholm Stadium, in which competitors from Jamaica, the United States, France and other European countries were taking part here.

Haukur Clausen (Iceland) was second to McKenley in 34.7 seconds.—Reuter.

National Health Plan Working Smoothly

London, Sept. 3.—Ministry of Health officials today said that Britain's national health service was "working very smoothly" despite the tremendous surge of people seeking free medical, surgical, dental and optical treatment since July 5 when the scheme was inaugurated.

The main difficulty at present appears to be on the administrative side, occasioned by a welter of form filling which accompanies every aspect of such a scheme.

The enlistment of some 18,000 doctors and 7,000 dentists, appears to have so far coped with hundreds of thousands of "patients" seeking treatment which they might have reasonably expected to have to pay for. But the immediate result has been the steady piling up of a backlog of payments to doctors, dentists, opticians and pharmacists from whom there are already rumours of discontent at several anomalies in services which need to be straightened out.

Some of the more pessimistic practitioners are already forecasting that the National Health Service is doomed to failure because it will eventually be bankrupt through the high rate of awards to various branches of the services, notably dentists, who receive rates as high as seven guineas for a wisdom tooth extraction.

RUMBLINGS OF DISCONTENT

Free dentures are also in tremendous demand, and the most myopic beneficiaries have already pressed their case for spectacles "on the scheme."

Additional rumblings of discontent come from people kept from work through sickness, they are complaining that their sickness benefits were not paid promptly as they were in the former National Health Insurance scheme.

Daily, various advisory centres in provincial and London suburbs were crowded with enquirers as to the delay in payments which, officials explain, is occasioned simply by overwhelming numbers.

Officials admitted these deficiencies which, they said, will be eventually ironed out.

Death Of Dr Benes

(Continued from Page 1)

They believed that it was a shock to him to find that the Communist criticism of his role at Munich had recently been revived in the Soviet and Czechoslovak press. Added to this was the criticism—mainly from politicians who left Czechoslovakia—of the policy he followed last February when he accepted the resignation of 12 non-Communist Ministers, which precipitated the 1948 crisis.

The anti-Communist group in London said tonight that Dr Benes had died "at this time when a third world crisis is looming near." A statement drafted by an exile Committee of the "Free Czechoslovakia" group, including M. Jaroslav Strassky, former Czech Socialist Minister of Education, M. Vlado Majer, Czech Minister, and Dr. Adolf Klinek, Secretary General of the Catholic People's Party, said:

"The nation of Masaryk will, without doubt, manifest that, even in the new grave and dangerous dispute for democratic freedom and its complete fulfilment in the spirit of social justice, they will remain faithful to the idea of a democratic Europe, maintaining peace between nations in truth and humanity."

"The Czechoslovak people, faithful to the Masaryk conception of democracy and rejecting all violence and totalitarianism, stands today in mourning over the grave of Eduard Benes."

"Czechoslovaks will remain true to the promise that was made in their name over Masaryk's grave. They will severely judge those who fail in so doing."—Reuter.

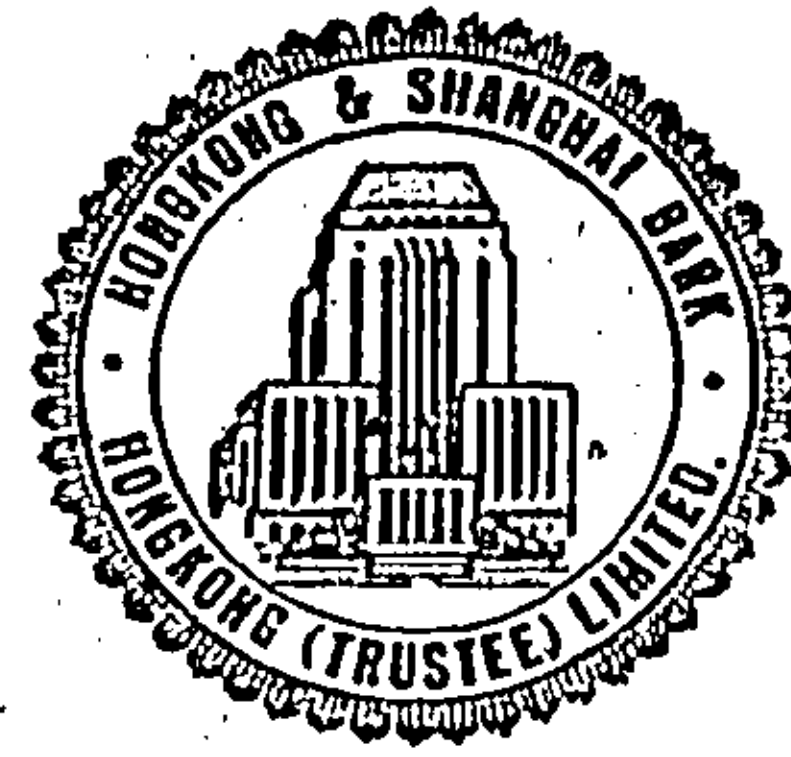
Missionary Dies

Indianapolis, Sept. 3.—Dr Randall T. Capen, Baptist missionary to China for 37 years, died at his home today. He had served a district pastorate for 25 churches in China and organised a high school in Swatow. He and Mrs Capen returned to America in 1941. Their son, the Reverend Carl M. Capen, has carried on the work at Swatow.—Associated Press.

CHURCH NOTICES

GOSPEL HALL
(Duddell Street, Hongkong)
(Between the Bank of China and the National City Bank of New York.)
Sunday 11 a.m. Breaking-of-Bread.
Sunday 8 p.m. Breaking-of-Bread.
Tuesday 8 p.m. Gospel Service.
Thursday 8 p.m. Bible Study.
Special Meeting for Ladies on Monday, 6th September, 1948 at 7.30 p.m.
All English speaking friends are welcome.

EMMANUEL CHURCH
(211 Nathan Road, Kowloon)
Sunday Morning Service, 11.30. Preacher, Rev. R. A. Howles, Thame, Oxfordshire.
Sunday School, 9.30 a.m.
Evening Service, 8 p.m.
Wednesday, Fellowship Meeting, 8.00 p.m.
Friday, 8.00 p.m. Army Scripture Reader's Bible Study Group.
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HONGKONG TELEGRAPH
1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong
Published daily (afternoon).
Price, 20 cents per edition.
Subscription: \$5.50 per month.
Postage: China and Macao, \$1.25 per month. U.K. British Possessions and other countries, \$3.00 per month.
News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor.
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MISCELLANEOUS

FOREIGN Lady gives lessons in artificial flowers making, reasonable fees per hour or per course, hours to suit pupils. Details may be obtained daily 10 a.m.-2 p.m. at 3A Wyndham Street top floor. (Entrance Wellington Street) Hongkong.

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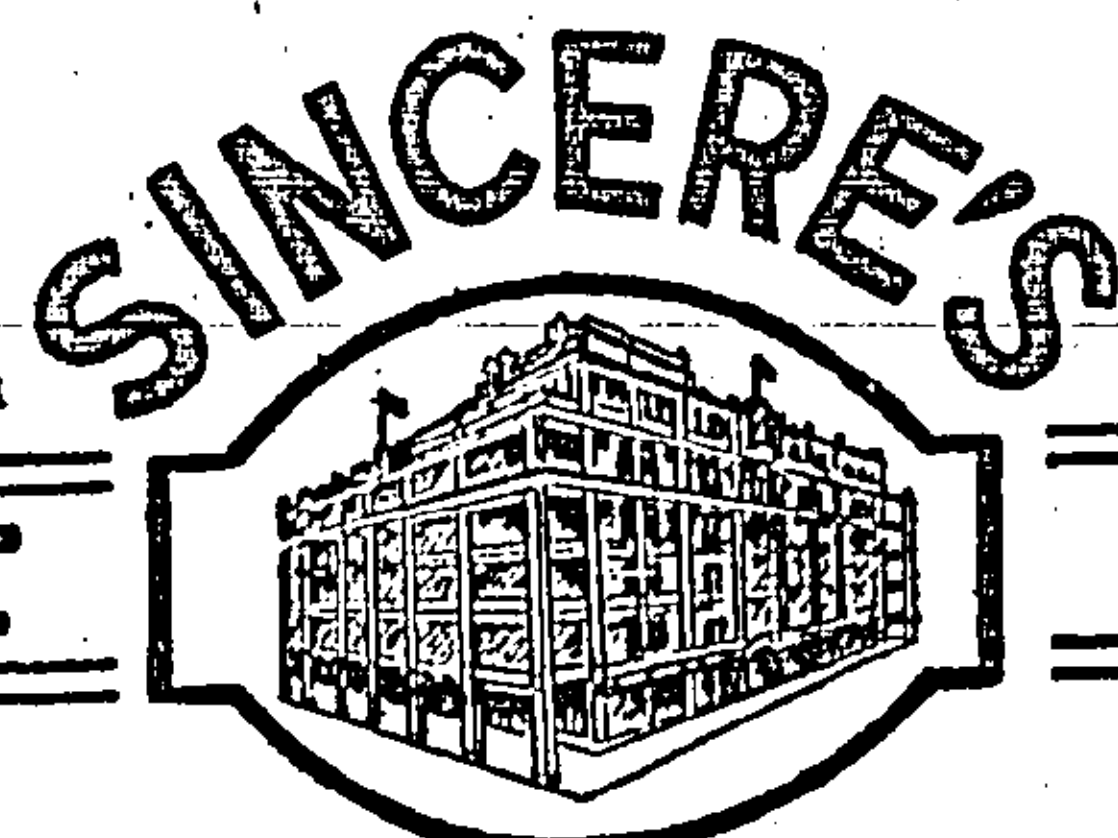
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Action Triumph

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